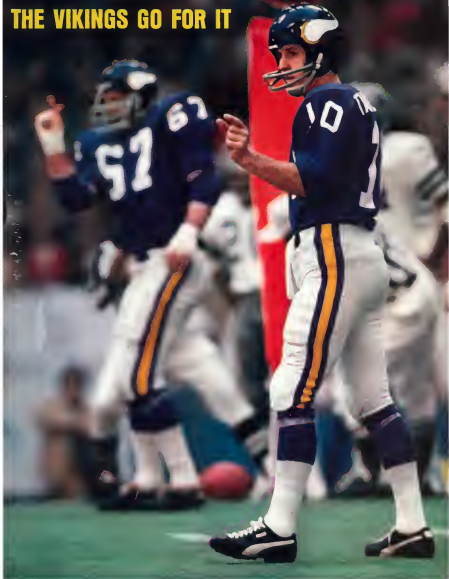


Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 7, 1974

60 CENTS

THE VIKINGS GO FOR IT



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At Volkswagen, we have a goal to keep our owners moving. So in our case, being covered by the blanket means you won't be sidelined.



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Next week

WHO DO YOU LOVE in the Super Bowl? Statistician Bud Goode makes his pick with the aid of a computer. Fearless Tex Maule, on the other hand, relies on sheer empiricism.

BINGO'S THING launches the 1974 golf tour and Jack Nicklaus, the defending champ, will be there at the Crosby to face up to a tough new challenge. Dan Jenkins observes.

YOUTH IS SERVED on the New York Nets. The starters average only 22.5 years of age but Dr. J. and his colleagues have set a fast pace after a slow beginning. Peter Carey reports.



Dear Mom & Dad,

Finally got to see some of Germany. Great! Our squad was first in the platoon on the training exercises, so we got a free trip to Rothenburg, and we're already making plans to go back.

We went down a road called the Romantikstrasse (?) through farm villages that look a lot like Pennsylvania Dutch country. Ochsenfurt, Uffenheim, and Sommerhausen. Great names!

You should see how the farmers stack their wood—in perfectly round stacks like giant beehives. And they pile their manure in the front yard so the tax man can tell how many cows they have. No joke!

Rothenburg was very friendly and easy-going, and what food. I think I'm in love with knockwurst and sauerkraut. The way they make it here it's so good you just wouldn't believe it. And the beer. No comparison!

Dad, you'll be glad to know I'm learning some German. The Army gives free instruction, and a lot of us are taking it at night.

I always heard how great Europe is, but I didn't believe it until I got out and began to see some of it. Got to go now.

Love, Gregg

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

DUMP?

The National Basketball Association, reacting to a statement in a story in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that some Seattle SuperSonics players deliberately lost a game last season to the Philadelphia 76ers in order to get Coach Tom Nissalke fired (SI, Dec. 10), had its director of security, John W. Joyce, investigate the matter. On Dec. 21, NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy issued a pompous statement that referred to the author of the article as "one Bob Briner" and claimed that the NBA's "thorough and detailed investigation has produced no evidence to support Mr. Briner's allegations, and I have concluded that there is none available."

Despite Kennedy's slighting reference to him, Briner is no basketball dilettante but the former general manager of the ABA's Dallas Chaparrals, which the NBA commissioner ought to know. Briner's charge that the Seattle game was dumped was not made sensationally but as part of a sustained and serious criticism of professional athletes as a group.

And, contrary to the NBA report, there is considerable evidence. The Seattle players' disaffection for Nissalke was common knowledge around the pro leagues. Players were heard to say that they were going to get rid of Nissalke in the Philadelphia game because they knew that one more loss at that time would mean his dismissal. One player said the night before the game, "There's no way in the world Tom is going to stay, because some of our guys want to lose him more than they want to win games." An NBA referee, who later denied saying it, reportedly confided to ABA players that Seattle players had told him much the same thing.

Significantly, before the game none of the Sonic players would look at Nissalke or talk to him. Seattle sportswriters, wondering about the result, asked pointed questions, got no answers and described it simply as a poorly played game. But Jack Kiser of the Philadelphia *Daily*

News implied that the game was lost intentionally, repeated the statement later and gave reasons why he felt that way.

Briner's charge of dump may never be proved to the hilt, but for the NBA commissioner to say there is no evidence to support it is irresponsible.

STILL CHAMPION

Our friend Kelly, the superfan from Canada (*SCORECARD*, Nov. 26) who jumps back and forth around North America and even to Europe to see the sporting events he favors, and who doesn't bother buying a ticket until the last minute, saw the jam-packed Grey Cup game in Toronto, as predicted. He calmly refused to buy two tickets he was offered for \$75 as too expensive, and instead got two on the 40-year line for \$40—20 minutes before kickoff.

SELECTIVE AMATEURISM

A radical change in the concept of amateurism in the U.S. may be at hand. At its annual convention this coming week in San Francisco, the NCAA will consider an amendment to its constitution that would allow a collegiate athlete who is a professional in one sport to compete as an amateur in others. Esoterically, this means that a pro football player, say, who has gone back to school to get his degree could compete as a shot putter in track. More practically—and the NCAA is nothing if not practical—it means that promising high school athletes who sign professional baseball contracts can still play NCAA football or basketball, or whatever. The present rule forbids this, saying once a professional, always and everywhere a professional. Since only about 5% of the kids who sign baseball contracts ever reach the big leagues, even for a cup of coffee, it means that most are washed up as competitive athletes at a very young age. Under the new plan, their abortive baseball careers behind them, they can try again for football or basketball scholarships and a college career. Because an athletic scholarship is

in itself a professional reward, it would appear that the NCAA is only recognizing reality. Nonetheless, the amendment would be a welcome one, and we hope it passes, especially since it is likely to lead to a further liberalization of sometimes stringent restrictions. For instance, collegiate golf and tennis players may be allowed to compete in pro-am events without losing their eligibility (for playing against professionals), and athletes in one sport may be permitted to coach in another sport or officiate at non-professional games, for pay.

BALANCED APPROACH

While other news occupied baseball's attention during the recent major league meetings, a quieter but possibly more significant story bubbled offshore. For the last few years, versatile pitching machines (particularly one called JUGS) have been infiltrating the game, and the campaign is picking up speed. Pitching



machines have been around for ages, but most of them have been merely refined catapults, with a metal arm that cradles the ball and flings it, or mortarlike cannons. JUGS, a prime example of the new type, is basically comprised of rubber wheels spinning side by side. The ball is inserted between the wheels and comes flying out the other side. By adjusting the speed of the wheels and their angle straight balls or a variety of curves may be produced at varying velocities. The machine can also be used to "hit" pop

fouls to catchers, ground balls to infielders, fly balls to outfielders and so on.

High school and college coaches love the machines, but one of the most rewarding areas has been in boys' baseball. For example, in 1972 a coach in Houston began to use JUGS as the pitcher for both sides in games played by nine-year-olds. Usually, in games involving kids that age, the pitchers are either overpowering or can't get the ball over, and nothing much happens. Games are deadily dull, the players are bored and baseball suffers. With the pitching machine throwing nice medium straight balls over the heart of the plate, nobody walks and the kids start to hit the ball, which, after all, is the basic idea of the game. In Houston, the league's overall batting average jumped from a pre-JUGS .190 to a resounding .389. Hits per game for both teams rose from nine to 28, walks dropped from 15 to 0. Games became much faster. The average number of players coming to bat rose from 46 to 73, and defensive fielding plays (ground balls, pop-ups, flies) nearly tripled.

This way, batting and fielding skills improve tremendously, and pitching does not become important until the kids are older and better equipped physically to cope with it. The significance for baseball is this: instead of a disproportionate number of outstanding pitchers, the game can look forward to a rich supply of trained hitters and fielders, too. In brief, baseball may be able to forget the artificial stimulus of "designated" players and return to basic skills for the balance the game needs.

PRICE OF FAME

A poll of Canadian sportswriters and broadcasters decided that the team of the year in Canada in 1973 was the Montreal Expos, for making such a determined bid to win in the National League East. The most disappointing team, they decided, was also the Montreal Expos, for not winning.

DOG'S LIFE

Holiday travelers often bound their dogs at a kennel while they are away, usually for nominal rates. Those stricken with guilty consciences for leaving their loved ones behind can pay more. For example, one kennel in the Miami area offers facilities at rates from \$3 to \$29.95 a day, \$29.95 a day? For a dog? Well, yes. But, for \$29.95 Strongheart gets a three-room

apartment, color TV, air conditioning, wall-to-wall carpeting, 24-hour human companionship, AM and FM background music, as well as brunch and dinner and a vitamin-enriched cocktail at 5 p.m. Aml.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Poor Secretariat. No privacy at all. Millions watched him in his televised races, and now millions more are poring over every detail of his dawning sex life. First reports that the horse was sterile were refuted by his owner, Mrs. Penny Tweedy, and officials of Claiborne Farm, where the horse now stands, said it was probable that a test mare Secretariat had been bred to was pregnant. But one pregnancy, alas, is not enough. What horse breeders want are lots of pregnancies—a stallion services perhaps three dozen mares during the mating season. It may well be that Secretariat, while potent enough to service a full brood of mares, may prove so listless in the production of mature sperm cells that a relatively small percentage of his mares will become impregnated.

Sending a mare to Secretariat under such circumstances would thus become a considerable gamble. One syndicate shareholder was selling his "season" to Secretariat for \$75,000, plus an additional \$25,000 if the mare becomes pregnant; the conditions governing such arrangements could change radically. For one thing, if a mare is not impregnated by Secretariat it might be difficult to arrange a mating for her with another top stallion in the same breeding year.

Riva Ridge is having much the same trouble as his famous stablemate, which has raised questions about the possible effect medication might have had on the two of them. Curiously, two new stallions at rival Spendthrift Farm have had some trouble, too. Sham, who challenged Secretariat so forcefully in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, apparently had a mild heart condition that worried his shareholders for a while, and Cougar II, the superb handicap horse who is entering the stud at the advanced age of eight, has shown distressing signs of being what horsemen call a shy breeder—he's just not much interested in mares.

ROOM AT THE TOP

If you can get your mind off running backs and wide receivers for a minute, we'd like to bring you the Top Ten for 1973, as selected by the ICF. The ICF,

for your information, is the International Cheerleading Foundation, which is affiliated with the NCAA, and here is its ranking of the best cheerleading squads in the country: 1) Florida; 2) Southern California; 3) Michigan; 4) Auburn; 5) North Carolina; 6) Alabama; 7) Georgia Tech; 8) Kansas; 9) South Carolina; 10) Oregon. The ICF report notes that Florida had its best cheerleaders back from a season earlier, whereas Southern California, the 1972 champion, was rebuilding.

O.K.? Later this year, if all goes well, we'll bring you a report on the best ankle tapers. Competition begins at the American Football Coaches Conference in San Francisco in January and concludes at the National Athletic Trainers Association meeting in Kansas City in June. Winners receive the Conform Challenge Cup, a sculptured rendering of a foot and ankle, properly bandaged.

DRINK UP, CHAPS

Great Britain is in a shaky state at the moment, what with the energy crisis, strikes, three-day work weeks and continuing inflation. It might have been anticipation of this, or possibly only coincidence, but according to the annual report of the commissioners of Her Majesty's Customs and Excise for the fiscal year that ended in March 1973, Britons broke all previous records for drinking, smoking and gambling. Wine, beer and spirits consumption was up 8%; smoking up 5.25%; and gambling (with bookmakers and on the football pools) up 10%. Such dissolute behavior was a delight for the treasury, which gleaned its highest-ever revenue from taxes and duties on these pleasurable vices.

THE WCT HANDICAP

When last year's model of tennis peace was put into effect, Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis agreed to restrict its schedule to the first four months of the calendar year. The International Lawn Tennis Federation would have the other eight months and would keep its hands off players during the WCT's time slot.

The WCT season climaxes early in May with the top eight qualifiers meeting in playoffs in Dallas. Remember the classic between Rosewall and Laver two years ago? And Smith-Ashe this past May was another top match. But now, unfortunately, there is a snag. A codicil

continued

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SCORECARD continued

to the peace-with-honor agreement, negotiated before the creation of a players' association, required that the WCT, in compiling its player standings, count not only its own tournaments but the previous year's Wimbledon, Forest Hills and French and Italian championships.

As a consequence, the competitive value of the WCT season is virtually ruined before a yellow ball has been hit in anger. Players who shone in 1973—especially those who crossed the Wimbledon racket lines—are a shoe-in to reach the WCT 1974 finals. Jan Kodes, the Wimbledon champion, starts play in one WCT division with 170 points, while Rod Laver has only five and is so discouraged at the silly business that he has told friends that he may junk the whole season. In another division, virtually all the play-off berths are clinched already.

The Association of Tennis Professionals asks only that Wimbledon be discounted this year, but it would seem that the WCT arrangement is foolish under any circumstances. It would be like baseball waving the A's and the Mets into next year's playoffs because of their 1973 success. If the WCT chose to ignore this aspect of the agreement it would seem to be off the hook morally, since Vijay Amritraj of India, a top drawing card, is reportedly being kept out of WCT play by his national federation in clear violation of the WCT-ILTF peace agreement.

The WCT season begins late in January in Philadelphia. Hopefully, all the players will start off even. If not, maybe the Pennsylvania Racing Commission should step into the tennis picture, assign weights as it does to horses and make it a genuine handicap.

THEY SAID IT

- **Bep Gaudin**, Boston Bruin coach, "Winning is the name of the game. The more you win the less you get fired."
- **Jerry West**, on his new role as captain of the Los Angeles Lakers: "All it means is I get to shake hands with guys I already know."
- **John Breen**, former general manager of the inept Houston Oilers: "We were tipping off our plays. Whenever we broke from the huddle, three backs were laughing and one was pale as a ghost."
- **J.D. Morgan**, UCLA's athletic director, on the intensity of his school's rivalry with USC: "If we met in middle-dywniks, everybody in town would want to know who plays left tiddy." **END**

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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Everybody aboard this jet plane has a gimmick... almost everybody. Pick the one who doesn't.
1. Nope. He's Hugo Silvie, impoverished secret agent. Gimmick: Sells "hot" watches as a sideline. His cigarettes smoke even hotter.
2. Mike L. Angelo, Gimmick Artist who draws everything but attention. At last sidewalk exhibition he got a ticket for littering. Smokes decorator pack cigarettes.
3. No. Ralph Kneslow (not pictured).

Translator radio salesman. Resigned when given new territory... Japan. His cigarette's taste is missing too.
4. Right. Wherever he goes, he leaves the far-out gimmicks to others. Likes his cigarette no-nonsense too. Camel Filters. Honest. Good tasting.
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ON TO THE M & M BOWL

Miami literally ground it out in walloping Oakland 27-10 to advance into the Super Bowl, where the Dolphins will have to contend with all the deceptive practices of Minnesota's foxy Francis Terkenon **by RON REID**

It bodes well for the Miami Dolphins' assault on pro football history that Larry Csonka, a sensitive soul who could moonlight as a trucking-company safe, is a better power runner than a power prognosticator. Were the reverse true, the Dolphins would not now be ready to repeat as Super Bowl champions in Houston, where, with all the frenzy that a man exhibits over the prospect of his morning shave, they will participate in the game for the third time in three years.

As expected, Miami qualified to meet Minnesota with a 27-10 win over the Oakland Raiders last Sunday in the Or-

ange Bowl. Before 75,105 hanky-wavers, the Dolphins inexorably won their third straight AFC championship in a way Csonka said wouldn't happen—with telling, early muscle that never weakened. Csonka himself loused up his prediction by scoring three touchdowns and rushing for 117 yards over the infamous Poly-Turf, teammate Larry Little and various Raider rib cages.

"I believe that no matter how this game starts, even if the opening kickoff is returned for a touchdown, it won't be a factor in the game," Csonka said two days beforehand. "The score at the end

of the first quarter could change around before the half. Both teams are experienced and can dig in and grind it out. If that sort of thing happened to a new team it would tend to be deflated, but that won't happen Sunday. Both of us can come back."

The reality was that the Dolphins took the kickoff and rammed the ball into the strength of the Oakland defense for nine plays, Csonka lumbering the final 11 yards for a touchdown, and Oakland never really came back. During the drive the Raiders suffered a defensive holding penalty—the sort of mistake, like the

continued

The little and big guns in the Dolphins' attack were Mercury Morris, who popped for 81 yards, and Larry Csonka, who boomed for 117.





pass Fred Biletnikoff dropped on the Miami 10—that hurt the Western Division champions all afternoon. But the Raiders were stung worse when Quarterback Bob Griese, in peril of being sacked, scrambled for 27 yards to set up Csonka's touchdown.

Oakland, which had scored a 12-7 victory over Miami when the teams met during the regular season at Berkeley, had played for the conference title four times before its most recent try, and on every occasion but one it demonstrated a perverse tendency to beat itself. Against the Dolphins, however, the Raiders were a team committing suicide by pestilence, with Csonka the lethal carrier who snuffed them out. The predisposing cause was Miami's explosive offensive-line charge led by the awesome blocking of Little, an All-Pro guard. Thus Griese sent Csonka straight ahead, wide, delaying and slanting back against the flow of the play for huge yardage or, for a change of pace, went to Mercury Morris, who darted for 86 yards. The Dolphins rolled up 266 yards on the ground, so Griese had to throw but six times—he completed three—a record low. In the entire second half he passed only once.

"I'm not at all happy with myself," said Raider Defensive Tackle Otis Sistrunk, whose fate it was to line up across from Little. "I didn't think they could do that to us. Csonka is just a hard man to run down. Sometimes they were double-teaming and other times they were running the draw, but they just kept running at us all day."

"They were a different ball club out there," said Oakland Linebacker Phil Villapiano. "In the first game they were nonchalant. They didn't seem to want it. Maybe we were lulled to sleep by that first game. I knew they were going to be tough, but geezus, I didn't think they'd be able to do that to us. We don't get beat that way. No one runs on us like that."

Miami's ground game also consumed time the Raiders could ill afford to lose. The Dolphins' second scoring march, which closed with Csonka banging in from the two-yard line behind Little 17 seconds before the first half ended, used up almost eight full minutes. Csonka scored a playoff-record-breaking third touchdown on another two-yard burst in the fourth quarter, and Garo Yepremian did his bit by kicking field goals of 42 and 26 yards.

While the Raiders might have made a game of it if their defense had buckled down, Coach John Madden had no need to apologize for his offense, only for the limited time it had to operate. Quarterback Ken Stabler comported himself with the Pride and Poise that is his club's slogan, belying the fact that it was his first starting appearance in a championship game. With Stabler winging his darts under the Miami zone and to receivers curling back at him, the Raiders pulled to within 17-10 by dominating the third quarter. Oakland's only touchdown came at the end of a crisp 11-play, 79-yard drive, Stabler passing 25 yards to Mike Siani, who was all by his lonesome in the end zone as a result of a mix-up in the Dolphin secondary. All told, Stabler completed 15 of 23 passes for 129 yards, but to no avail. While Griese is in Houston, Stabler will be taking out his aggressions on the waterways of Foley, Ala. in a 16-foot speedboat that has a dashboard plate reading, GET IN, SIT DOWN, SHUT UP and HOLD ON. "Four or five of my friends have the same kind of boat," he says affectionately. "We terrorize those lakes and rivers back home."

Miami's victory Sunday was its 24th straight in the Orange Bowl, and even Shula, who can afford the feeling, may agree that the home-field advantage is too big a factor when teams are playing for high stakes. This season the top seven clubs in the NFL (excluding the Raiders, who lost twice in the Oakland Coliseum) won 47 of 49 games at home, a fact that should argue in favor of neutral sites for the postseason. Against this is an equally powerful argument that fans should be allowed to see their team at home as often as they can.

Madden, however, made no excuses.

Shula tops up another big Miami win.



"Everything they said about the Dolphins is true," he admitted. "They have an awful lot of poise and class. They really executed and we didn't. One problem was that it seemed we didn't have the ball enough. When we had the ball it seemed we could move it all right. When we beat Miami earlier, we did it when what they did to us today. The last time we played they got only a yard or two on first down and had a lot of third-and-long situations. We are a young team, maybe younger than we thought. We fought like heck the last five weeks but we didn't seem to have it today."

"We didn't try to stop Csonka," he added, "we tried to control him. We tried to get him second and eight and third and eight so that when he'd get his five yards it wouldn't mean anything. But we just couldn't control him."

"I felt the tempo of the game dictated our going with the run," Griese said. "We were prepared to pass more if need be, but you do what's working for you. We needed to control the ball after their scoring drive and this we were doing with the run. As for a comparison with our earlier game with Oakland, we threw out the bad plays and kept the ones that worked. We run the same plays a lot."

Csonka said, "It's our offensive line. If we get three, four or five yards on a play, we're going to use it until we don't get three, four or five yards. I'm not a swivel-hipped halfback who gets 1,500 to 2,000 yards in a season—without taking anything away from swivel-hipped halfbacks. I depend a great deal—I'd say 85%—on my offensive line for my yardage."

It was no surprise then that Csonka gave as much of a pep talk as any Dolphin ever will to Little after the second touchdown. Little came up limping, and it looked like he might be sidelined. "I said, 'If you make it through this, you've got two weeks to recover,' but it wasn't a case of me talking Larry Little into staying in the game. I just said the kind of thing he would have told me had the situation been reversed. Our offensive team has a lot of unity between the linemen and the backs. They know what's in our heads, we know what's in theirs. This team is too professional for a lot of backslapping."

It may be that the Dolphins also are too professional to play a slapdash game in the Super Bowl. If indeed Miami wins again it will be the first team to do so

since the mighty Packers won back-to-back world championships.

"We like to be talked of in terms of the Green Bay Packers," says Coach Don Shula. "I'm one and two right now and all I want to do is get even. I can't be any more proud of this team than I am right now. We got the big offense, and the offense got the points on the board."

In an exhibition last August, Minne-

sota beat Miami 20-17. Csonka remembers it well. "What can you say about Minnesota?" he says. "I just recently had the helmet of Roy Winston [the Viking linebacker] removed from my backbone. All we're looking forward to is winning the Super Bowl. That's what we've been working toward all season. We don't have single, individual colorful players like some teams have, but I

think that helps us to blend together."

It would seem that Csonka is as mistaken in his summation of his team as he is in his forecast. No one could have failed to recognize a single, individual, colorless, still-hipped player in the Orange Bowl Sunday, and just in case he was overlooked his next performance is at Houston. The guy doing the job right behind Larry Little.

MINNESOTA GAVE OUT SOME MISDIRECTIONS

by **TEX MAULE**

On the surface it looked as if Minnesota simply overpowered Dallas last Sunday in winning the National Football Conference title 27-10. But in a sense this impression was as false as the Tartan Turf that carpets Dallas' plush, sun-roofed stadium.

The game was won by subtle changes in attack by the Vikings and lost by the inability of the Cowboy defense to recognize them and adjust. Things were so bad that the Dallas coaches on the sideline and their conferees in the press box spent the first half fruitlessly arguing about what was happening on the field. Alas, in the second half, when the defense got with it and began to shut off the Vikings and force turnovers, the hospitable Cowboy offense kept giving the ball right back to Minnesota.

"We knew exactly what we had to do," said Viking Guard Ed White. "The Cowboys play a reading defense and protect Lee Roy Jordan, their middle linebacker, so that he can make the stop after the line has read the play. We worked out ways to get to Jordan and we had him moving the wrong way by misdirection."

Throughout the season, when Minnesota's left guard pulled, the running back on the left side of the set got the ball; on Sunday, Quarterback Fran Tarkenton (see cover), who called a brilliant, daring game, handed off to the other back, who carried in the opposite direction from which the guard pulled.

"I took myself out of the play during the first half," Jordan said ruefully. "They were pulling people the wrong way. The coaches in the press box and on the sideline couldn't agree on who was pulling where. Then by the half we were behind 17-0."

It was pointed out that Dallas was only behind 10-0 at halftime. "It felt like



Sockered away from the flow of the play, Jordan vainly chases Foreman into the end zone.

17-0," Jordan muttered. "Anyway, I got too conservative. I should have audibled and changed up the defense. In the second half, when we were getting the ball in close on turnovers, the offense winds up back on the 50-yard line."

The deficiency in the Cowboy defense was most evident in the first half, in which the Cowboy offense had the ball only three times. The Vikings mounted two long drives during which they estab-

lished a pattern Dallas had difficulty picking up. On first down, more often than not, Tarkenton passed. On second and long he handed off to Chuck Foreman or Oscar Reed, who ran surprisingly well. All told, the Vikings rushed for 203 yards, the Cowboys for only 90.

"I didn't realize that Fran was passing so much on first down," Minnesota Coach Bud Grant said. "It wasn't part of our game plan."

continued

"We passed on first down because the Cowboys are almost always in their flex defense then," said White. "With two linemen playing back off the line of scrimmage, they can't get a good pass rush. Then, when they went into a pass defense on second down, we ran."

The run was successful because the Vikings had another tactic to nullify Jordan. "We had nearly everyone on the line taking him at one time or another," said Center Mick Tingelhoff, who normally would have had most of the responsibility for blocking Jordan. "Sometimes one of the guards would block him, then a tackle and even the tight end came down after him. We knew we had to take him out of the game, and I guess we did."

Minnesota's first-half drives resulted in a field goal and a touchdown and each of the marches was kept alive by uncharacteristic plays. The first came on fourth and one on the Dallas 17. Normally, a coach as conservative as Grant would have settled for a field goal. He elected to go for the first down. "Bud isn't a big gambler, but we all felt we could make it, and I guess he had the same feeling," said Carroll Dale, the wide receiver who has played in more big games than most Vikings, since he was a member of the Green Bay Packers in the Lombardi era. "On that play, most of the time I would have left the field for an extra tight end, but I didn't. I knew we would go for it because all of us knew, one way or another, we would make it."

Indeed, Reed slashed for the first down but a penalty forced the Vikings to settle for Fred Cox' 44-yard field goal, his longest of the year.

In the second quarter Minnesota duplicated its first drive, except that Tarkenton capped it with a touchdown. He opened the march with a first-down pass from his 14 to Tight End Stu Voigt, who curled over the middle for 16 yards. Tarkenton's first-down passes failed after that, but he compensated by calling crafty running plays on second and long. And once again, with a fourth and one on the Dallas 28, Grant gambled, Foreman scratching out the first down.

Then Tarkenton put his head down and scrambled for 11 yards. Eventually, behind a thumping block by Tackle Ron Yary on Corner Linebacker Dave Edwards, Foreman swept right for five yards and the touchdown. Jordan, as usual, had been misdirected and haplessly trailed the play.

The second half was as undisciplined and sloppy as the first half had been clean and careful. If it proved anything, it was that the Vikings can win as readily in a loosely played game as they can in a tight and controlled one. They gave away the ball four times in their own territory; four times their defense regained the ball and on the four turnovers Dallas wound up minus 10 points.

The Cowboys got back in the game on a 63-yard punt return by Golden Richards in which Minnesota, kicking from its end zone, had to keep everyone at home to block, giving Richards running room. That brought the score to 10-7 and momentarily turned the game toward Dallas, but Tarkenton turned it right back, helped by the dazed condition of Cornell Green, the Dallas stroog safety. Green had taken a shot to the head in the third quarter, leaving him fuzzy, but no one knew it until Tarkenton had hit fleet John Gilliam on a 54-yard touchdown pass 1:03 after Richards' revivifying punt return.

Again it was a first-down pass against the flex defense designed to stop the run, and Tarkenton had time. Gilliam ran a simple pattern—full speed down the field, a cut to the inside—and the ball, thrown as far as Tarkenton can throw ("a rainbow pattern," Grant called it) was hanging for him, just beyond the reach of Green and Mel Renfro, who had come over to help.

"The defensive backs had a meeting on the sideline after that play," Renfro said later. "I asked Cornell what defense we were in and he said he didn't know. He was dazed. He saw his man open and chased him, but it was too late. Actually, he distracted me when he got close."

Even so, Dallas was presented with a series of opportunities to win the game. First, the Cowboys were given the ball on a fumble by Foreman, which they recovered on the Minnesota 37. Roger Staubach gave it back by throwing a pass that bounced off Tight End Billy Joe DuPree and wound up in the hands of Middle Linebacker Jeff Siemon. Next, Tarkenton forced a sideline pass to Gilliam, and Cornerback Charlie Waters stepped in front of him for an easy interception, carrying the ball to the Minnesota 24.

Staubach fumbled a few plays later,

Jim Marshall, Wally Hilgansberg and Jeff Siemon rub Garrison's nose into the Tartan Tart.





Minnesota recovering on its 45. Foreman fumbled the ball back, Dallas recovering on the Minnesota 47. Staubach threw a bad pass to Bob Hayes, which was picked off by Cornerback Bobby Bryant and returned 63 yards for the score that wrapped up the game for the Vikings.

Staubach, who had a total of four interceptions, had a bad day, but you can't pin the loss on him. If anyone in the Dallas organization is to blame, it is Coach Tom Landry, who apparently underestimated the ingenuity of the Minnesota coaching staff. Jethro Pugh, the top Cowboy tackle with Bob Lilly out of the game, said it indirectly: "They had plays we had not seen before. They were good plays against the defense we were running."

Strangely, most of the Cowboy defenders did not recognize what Tarkenton was doing to them—notably, 11 of his 21 passes coming on first down. "I didn't know that," Jordan said. "But what the bleep, it didn't make that much difference. They were gaining six yards on first down and they aren't supposed to do that. Then, when we stopped them, the offense didn't do anything."

Staubach felt the game turned on the interceptions by Simon and Bryant. "I thought I had looked Bryant off," he said. "It was a question of timing."

In a larger sense, the timing was off for the Cowboys all afternoon. They missed not only Lilly but also Calvin Hill, their 1,000-yard-plus running back and leading pass receiver, who had a dislocated elbow. Hill's replacement, Robert Newhouse, gained but 50 yards, and the usually reliable Walt Garrison got only nine on five carries and fumbled away the ball on the Minnesota two-yard line. But what the Cowboys missed most of all was an adequate method of responding to the changes the Vikings made in their offense.

They made no changes in their defense; the Cowboys did not come up with anything different to confuse them. Minnesota's Gary Larsen, who had a fine game at defensive tackle, said, "They did the things they have done all year. They give you a lot of movement in the backfield and they want you to look at it, but we ignore all that. We just take our position and maintain it. We don't care what they do before the play starts. Once it's under way they're running from one of two sets, like everyone else. We just cut them off after they got through fiddling around." While Dallas burned. **END**

NUMBER 1 BY JUST THE NUMBER 1

Ara Parseghian got the kick of his life when his Fighting Irish climaxed a wild New Year's Eve party with a gasper of a field goal that meant a 24-23 victory over Alabama and the national championship **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**



He doesn't throw picture passes, unless you want to count the ones that hang. As a passer, therefore, you must rank him for getting it there and not for any contributions he might make to the art of flight. Nor does he run with blinding speed or power, only gusto. As a runner, therefore, you might consider him for a demolition derby, but never a Grand Prix. He is not very big and not at all brash and as quarterbacks go he will never be known as Broadway Tom or make the Monday night television team. But Tom Clements, 20, of McKees Rocks, Pa. is at this moment the quarterback of the national champion Notre Dame football team. If you witnessed this emergence—a record 85,161 people in the Sugar Bowl did; some 40 million watching on television did—you saw a happening.

The game was not artful and it was not particularly pretty, and it was decided mostly on imperfections rather than perfect football, but like Clements himself it was certainly to the point. One, to be exact. Notre Dame, an underdog scratching, came from behind three times to beat top-ranked Alabama 24-23, wresting in a flash the championship from the hands of Bear Bryant's Crimson Tide and setting it firmly into those of Ara Parseghian's not-unlucky Irish. A sign popped up in the west-side lower deck of rusting, creaking Tulane Stadium immediately after the issue was decided; "God Made Notre Dame No. 1." God, but with Clements' help.

Forget the dramatics that went on before in this hyperventilation-a-minute battle of two undefeated super-charged college teams. Forget that Alabama had felt set upon from the dawning of the day—it rained when it was not supposed to, and got cold (well, cool), and 53 Alabama team steaks burned up in a kitchen fire at the team's hotel. Forget the breathtaking shifts of fortune that came before Clements' last heroic act. How Alabama fell behind in the first quarter, feeling its way against the intricacies of the Notre Dame attack and the bewil-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD FUCHS

dering scaffolds of the Notre Dame defense. How Alabama abruptly gained its considerable composure, and the lead at 7-6, only to lose it back again on Al Hunter's 93-yard kickoff return. And then to take it again at 17-14; and once more lose it, and take it again at 23-21 on a Bryant nifty—a halfback-to-quarterback pass. Forget that as the game wound down the teams tightened up, fumbling the ball back and forth—five times in all.

Forget even Clements' winning drive, a 79-yarder to a field goal that required Old Mediocre Tom to carry the ball himself three times for important gains and to loft a 30-yard floater to Dave Casper to set up the kick at the Alabama nine. "I really thought it was going to be intercepted," said Clements of the pass, and it certainly should have been, as there were two Alabama defenders beside Casper. But homemade signs in grandstands don't lie.

Instead, return with us now to the last two minutes of play. The last act of Tom Clements. Alabama has punted 69 yards to the Notre Dame one and is menacing the Irish offense. On third down at the two, Clements hands off to a running back. Oh, no he doesn't. He takes it back, calmly (with gusto), withdraws into the end zone, and spirals a 35-yarder to Tight End Robin Weber who is all alone near Bear Bryant on the Alabama sideline. That was it. Notre Dame ran out the clock. Clements, of course, had the ball when the game ended.

In retrospect, the game will be remembered almost as much for the anticipation it generated as it will for its frenzied denouement. It came in on a wave of inspiration and con, lacking nothing and promising everything. The kind of game, as Bryant said, "You can sink your teeth into." He would know. He had a hold up to his gums. If college football were Dodge City, Bear Bryant constantly would be out in the middle of the street calling for a last showdown. He seemed, in the hours preceding the game, always the coolest man in the crowd—relaxed, composed and quick-witted. And if not exactly cuddly, at least nice.

Asked if it was a distraction to have to talk so much about the national championship, Bryant replied, "At Alabama we always do." But the Bear was relaxed, not asleep. He quietly posted security guards on the players' floors at the Fontainebleau Motor Hotel. No one allowed in without a pass signed by Bryant.

Parseghian's Irish-Armenian nerve endings were more obvious than Bryant's and he was no less cautious. He shoofed sportswriters off the field after a five-minute "press conference" the first day in New Orleans, lest they see his team practice, and when he spied an alien figure in the press box during a later session he dispatched a manager to see what the man was up to. The man was up to his elbows installing telephones.

Like the practiced gamesmen they are, neither coach was willing to concede beforehand that the opposition was anything less than immaculately conceived. They showered each other with acclamation. Bryant spoke of Notre Dame's speed, its incredible balance, blah-blah, and Parseghian of Alabama's amazing depth and versatility, blah-blah. The Bear said he wept as a kid when he read about Knute Rockne's death. Ara could find no riposte to that.

Bryant was quoted saying this was "the biggest game in the South's history," and if that was not quite verbatim it did catch his tenderest feelings. (Actually, he said that for his players it was a rare chance, but for him it was no different from any big game. "It's just the next one.")

But the private admission that he was now up to three sleeping pills a night betrayed the depth of Bryant's anticipation. He fled to the sanctuary of his suite at the Fontainebleau whenever he could to escape the swelling tide of Alabama fans pouring into New Orleans. Through the teeming French Quarter opportunism flourished in the form of red-and-white "A" hats and blue-and-gold "ND" buttons. And partisanship ran amok. At an all-night oyster house on Bourbon Street an Alabama woman sang "Hail Mary, full of grace, Notre Dame's in second place," while a Notre Dame man nearby punctuated her chant with cries of "Alabama was made in Japan!"

But for the players, made in their coaches' image, there was no show business, only game business. They did not have to be told why they were not brought to New Orleans until the weekend of the game. A night at Your Father's Mustache was a surfeit of Bourbon Street for the Notre Dame team. No other French Quarter invasions were planned or carried out. Bryant, in a spasm of leniency that surprised even his own coaches, loosed his players Saturday night after the Sugar Bowl banquet, but

if any took undue advantage they were inconspicuous. Indeed, it is unlikely that a major bowl game ever had two teams with so singular an itch to get at one another. "I come to Notre Dame for a game like this," Wayne Bullock said, capitalizing the general attitude.

For Parseghian, however, the significance of playing Alabama in a historic first made little impact compared with two more personal things:

One, the confrontation with Bryant. Though he protested otherwise, Ara clearly relished the opportunity, often referring to the "immense respect" he had for the old master, and how they had "common traits," such as a keen appreciation for "field position and the kicking game," a quote that was to prove ironic. Beating Bear Bryant obviously meant something to Parseghian.

And, two, more than anything, it had to represent a very special, very personal vindication for Parseghian. For all his success, Ara had been unable over the years to remove that last flossy shred of doubt that he was capable of winning the really big game—a doubt that should now be way out of date but that intimates say Ara harbored himself since the criticism of his playing for the tie in the 10-10 game with Michigan State in 1966, Notre Dame's last national championship year. It is on the big game that Parseghian's coaching philosophy rests—that and winning the championship—and in one deft swipe at Alabama he accomplished them both. He and Clements and you know Who.

END





HOUNDING THE CATS FOR THE OWLS

It was the last Quaker Classic but the first appearance of Temple's Jerry (Hound) Baskerville. He and Mean Joe Anderson intimidated the field, including favored Cincinnati

by BARRY McDERMOTT

Last week, while the rest of the country stowed the aluminum trees for one more year, eight college teams gathered in Philadelphia's Palestra for the Quaker City Tournament, another of those holiday ornaments conceived by three wise men and a thousand athletic directors to ease us through the Christmas withdrawal season on cold turkey. The tournament was spicier than any leftovers, what with a stuffing of upsets, close games and even the coming of a newborn babe under a shining star. When it was over, Temple had the title, defeating weary California 51-42 in the championship game. "It's like Camelot," said first-year Temple Coach Don Casey.

He could be excused for the hyperbole. A few weeks ago, when Temple played at Knoxville in the Volunteer Classic, Casey decided to fight the Tennessee zone with a stall that produced an 11-6 loss, national headlines and a firestorm of criticism. Even the Temple fans accused bewildered Casey of being everything but a dirty double dribbler. The victory in the Quaker City helped dim the flames.

The tournament also served as the venue for a new star in Temple's galaxy—Jerry (Hound) Baskerville, who burned just as bright as Kohoutek. A 1970 Phil-

Not in the program but very much in the game, Baskerville shoots over tired Cal in the final.

Philadelphia high school graduate, Baskerville had been a strolling basketball minstrel the last few years, searching for a place to play his tune. After bringing up his grades in the first term, he became—surprise, Harvard!—eligible for Temple's first-round game on Thursday night. Baskerville rebounded and shot all over the court, and the Owls lurched to a two-point victory.

"Casey told me that he had a new kid who was pretty good," said Tom Sanders, the former Boston Celtic who is in his first year of coaching at Harvard. "I had never seen him but it sort of told me something when he made 12 in a row in the warmups. It was like the old days in the neighborhoods. You walked over to their courts and along came some ringer you'd never seen before."

Out of condition after his layoff, Baskerville was whoozing the next two nights, but teammate Joe Anderson took charge as Temple beat Cincinnati and California. Anderson is called "the toughest man in town" by Temple fans, and Quaker City opponents found him meaner than a gas station attendant. Anderson scored 22 points in the second half of the semifinals against Cincy and nine during a 13-minute stretch in the title game when Temple rallied from three points down to take a 15-point lead over Cal with a minute left.

Unfortunately, this was Philadelphia's last annual Quaker City Tournament. After 13 years in town, the Eastern College Athletic Conference is moving the event to Providence, R.I., and renaming it, presumably. The tournament began in 1961 and only twice has a school from outside Philadelphia's Big Five—that cluster of Temple, Penn, St. Joseph's, La Salle and Villanova—managed to win the title. This year Penn was the favorite with Cincinnati rated a challenger. Temple was not rated much of anything. The Owls' debacle in Tennessee hung heavily over them, and they had lost to Cincinnati by 12 points in a desultory showing earlier in the year. As it turned out, neither Penn nor Cincy could play up to potential. Penn lost to California in its opener and eventually finished a dismal sixth. Cincinnati, trying to fit together the pieces after a recent spate of injuries to stars Ron Hightower and Lloyd Batts, could not solve the puzzle and was knocked out by Temple in the semis, finishing up fourth after a loss to Penn State in the uncomfing consolation round.

California came to the tournament with a deceiving 3-4 record that included road losses to North Carolina and Dayton by four points and to West Virginia by two. But the Bears had a pair of big, adroit guards who were as slippery as ice cubes and just as cool, a 6' 10" freshman with a Hollywood name, Rock Lee, and a couple of late baskets against Penn's zone defense. Carl Meier's free throw won the game 64-63, with no time remaining. When it fell through, Temple's Cincy, sitting on the sidelines, smiled like a man who had just remembered where he had hidden some money from his wife. Now he might win, he seemed to be telling himself.

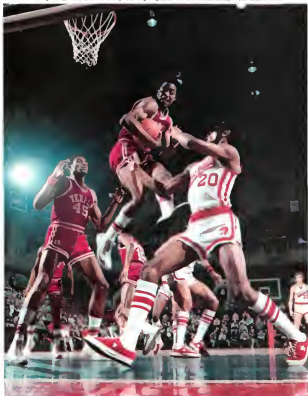
After six years as assistant to Harry Litwack, who had coached Temple for-

ever, Casey at 36 was in charge. But he had not played college ball and he was only a high school coach when he pestered Litwack into hiring him at Temple. For all his good fortune, he was humble. "I feel like I'm up against Aristotle, coaching against these guys, people you've read about and respected all your life," he said one night. He even asked Dick Edwards, the California coach, to send him some notes on his man-to-man offense when the tournament was over.

He did not, however, ask Ray Mears of Tennessee about his zone defense. He merely hated it. "Why should we let them play their game?" he said, still explaining that early-season stall. "They wouldn't come out. As it turned out, we

continued

Joe Anderson gets up, too, and no Cincy Cal is going to wrestle the ball away from him



really should have won the game but we missed a couple of shots." Upon which he admits that he would not use the slow-up strategy again. The reaction was intense and, as he says, "I guess it's un-American not to want to attack."

It would be unwise and worse not to attack now that Baskerville is abroad. He has changed Temple's argument, moving it up from the status of the Home Guard to that of the Wehrmacht. "He can turn their team around," Sanders said. "You can see that he's head and shoulders above anybody else in the tournament."

Baskerville is 6'7" and his skills go beyond shooting or rebounding. He handles the ball well enough to play guard, he is an outstanding defensive player and he has a prescient sense on the floor. He came up with 10 steals in the tournament, five in the last game, in which he also blocked four shots.

His background, all too reminiscent, is of an inner-city youngster who became a bit player in a melancholy high school charade. Entered in a work-study program, he supposedly attended classes in the mornings, worked at a women's store in the afternoons and evenings and caught up on his schoolwork late at night. Somehow the hooks kept outrunning him. "The only thing I was thinking about in those days was surviving," he says. "You had to work to put something in your pocket, to keep clothes on your back."

Baskerville played ball only in his senior year and wound up at Nevada-Las Vegas after a coach spotted him in a summer league. He was academically ineligible his freshman year although he practiced a lot. He and another player used to jimmy the door to the school gym and shoot baskets until well past midnight. He played some in his sophomore year, then started squabbling with the coach and transferred to Temple where he had to sit out last year. His odyssey still wasn't completed, however, because of low grades. Not until midday last Thursday, when he learned he had made an A in one of his communications courses, did he receive certification to play, too late for his name to make the program. "I love the game of basketball," he said later. "It's my life."

After Penn was eliminated, once-beaten Cincinnati lurked as the journey favorite, especially since Temple had managed to beat Harvard by only two points.

From 1958 through 1963, Cincinnati won nine out of every 10 games it played, took two national championships, was runner-up once, went to the NCAA tournament every year and manufactured half a dozen All-Americans. Since then, however, the team's fortunes have declined. Two coaches, Ed Jucker and Tay Baker, resigned, the Cats dropped out of the Missouri Valley Conference and only occasionally did their name appear in the polls.

The newest head coach, Gale Catlett, is in his second year and he has a droll sense of humor. He recalled his days at West Virginia when Fred Schaus recruited him out of Hedgesville, W. Va. and told him he wanted him "to replace Jerry West." Said Catlett, "I was impressed—until I found out he had told six other guys the same thing." Catlett did learn a lesson from the experience: always try harder when recruiting.

One night last week he found himself on the New Jersey Turnpike, one eye glued to the rearview mirror, partly because he did not have a driver's license, partly because he was exceeding the speed limit by an uncomfortable margin. He had left Cincinnati with his team early that morning, but bad weather had stranded the Bearcats in Pittsburgh and now they were trailing him in a bus that periodically was forced to stop to repair its windshield wiper.

As he drove, Catlett talked about his team. Hightower, a senior forward and at the time the second leading scorer and rebounder, suffered a knee injury that required an operation last month and is out for the season. "Losing Hightower really hurt us," said the coach. "He was good on the boards and on defense. He could take guys right out of games, make them disappear. Right now we're trying to find out how much his loss means."

Not enough, it developed on Thursday night, to allow edgy St. Bonaventure, which had 28 turnovers, to squeak by Cincinnati, but too much to beat Temple on Friday. With Anderson laughing it out, the Owls muscled past Cincinnati's zone press like kids trying to see Santa Claus. They broke open the game after Cicely's top scorer, Butts, playing with a chipped bone in a finger, then jammed the finger again four minutes into the second half. He had scored 36 points in the opener against St. Bonaventure, but now he tried only one more outside jump shot. "It reacted like a hook shot when I let it

go," he said. "I couldn't get the ball in my fingers. It went through the hoop, I don't know how. But I decided then not to shoot any more unless I broke open close to the basket."

Meanwhile, California knocked out Penn State on a replay of its game with Penn on Thursday. The score was the same, 64-63, and so was the script, the Californians getting a three-point lead on two free throws with just 12 seconds left. The two wins continued the season-long pattern for California: only once has a score been anything but tight. Pulling nervously on a cigarette afterward, Cal's Edwards snorted, "I figure what's the difference. You die of cancer or you die of ulcers."

California arrived in Philadelphia on Christmas Eve after finishing second in the Dayton Invitational and having already been on another long road trip to North Carolina and West Virginia. "I mean, how much deodorant can you spray on one shirt?" asked Forward Sam Krupsky. "The guys smell like midwest wrestlers."

Against Temple, Cal played like a team that had finally traveled too far too long. The Bears scored only four points in the first 12 minutes and had but 14 at half-time. Yet somehow they trailed by only five points. "That's when I really thought we were going to get them," said Edwards. "I felt more confident tonight than I did any other night."

His team came out in the second half and played as if it were on an oxygen binge, running off eight straight points, acquired with the aid of three Temple turnovers and an Anderson playing with four fouls. "You can't just give up," Anderson said later. "It looked bad. But you just have to keep trying until something happens."

Earlier in the day, Anderson had said of Baskerville, who is an old Philadelphia playground buddy, "I don't think there's a word for it. He does some crazy things." Well, not quite crazy. In a nine-minute span, just when they were needed most, Baskerville came up with four steals and Temple busted out to an eight-point lead. California wound up making just 18 of 50 shots, which is no way to win games, particularly in Philadelphia. The victory put Temple into basketball heaven with its second Quaker City title: its coach was in fairyland and Jerry Baskerville was back doing what he does best, out-slicking everybody. **END**

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THE VITA'S STILL DOLCE, BUT...

Hockey's chief nonconformist and big spender, Derek Sanderson of the Bruins, tastes life in the minor leagues **by PAT JORDAN**

Alone, Derek Sanderson plays basketball on the floor of Boston Garden. Around him the gray deserted seats rise up to the maze of metal rafters. Sanderson dribbles out to center court, stands there for a moment in his banker's pin-striped suit and vest, his blue silk shirt and navy tie, and then drives toward the hoop. At the foul line he begins to slide on slippery-soled black-calfskin boots. He slides gracefully to the net and shoots.

In the bowels of the cavernous Garden, surrounded by stacks of folding chairs, idle forklifts and concrete pillars, stands an Interstate Lines bus, its motor idling, filling the air with fumes. Sitting inside, members of the Boston Braves of

the American Hockey League are impatient to begin their 2½-hour ride to New Haven, Conn., where they will play the New Haven Nighthawks at 7:30 this November night. The bus was scheduled to leave for New Haven at 3:30 p.m. Three players were almost late. Like marines assaulting a beach, they had to run down a long ramp, weave between the pillars and leap over chairs to reach the bus on time, thus escaping a \$25 fine from their coach, Matt Ravlich. It is now 3:45 p.m. and Ravlich, a 35-year-old hockey veteran who looks even tougher than the sound of his name, sits in the front seat eating French fries from a paper cup with his fingers. Before the ride has even begun, Ravlich looks wearied. "That guy will drive ya crazy!" he says. He licks his fingers. "Who's gonna listen to him all the way to New Haven?" Behind him, his players cry out, "Not me, Matty!"

Sitting across from Ravlich is Nate Greenberg, the Braves' public relations man. Nate squirms in his seat, looks at his watch, stands up—a tall, soft man in a chocolate blazer, chocolate shirt and chocolate tie filled with large white polka dots. He hunches over a bit and peers down the aisle through the rear window of the bus. "If he doesn't show," he says, "none of us better go to New Haven. I promised them the Turk. They put it in the paper, on radio, television, everything. Geezus, they'll tear us to pieces."

Finally, the Turk appears, sipping from a can of Tab and carrying three hockey sticks over one shoulder. He stores the sticks in the belly of the bus and then gets on amid hoots of derision from his teammates. He grins, raises his arms like a messiah and sits down behind Ravlich. Someone shouts, "You're overdressed, Turk. This ain't no Hart Schaffner & Marx league. It's Levi's all the way." The bus moves forward, toward New Haven and the Nighthawks.





ON THE TOWN the Turk's resources include a Rolls, a beauty and a choice of Sanderson clubs.

In 1972 Derek Sanderson, the Turk, signed a \$2.3-million contract to play for the Philadelphia Blazers of the World Hockey Association. He was considered a very hot property in the new league's fight for recognition, and not merely because he had been a skilled center for the Boston Bruins. He was a firebrand who aroused the fans and, off the ice, a character who made lively newspaper copy—just the kind of athlete to fill an arena. But Sanderson bombed in Philly. Last winter he settled his contract for \$500,000. Teamless, he returned to the Bruins, with whom he had begun his career as Rookie of the Year. He was used sparingly and, after injuring his back on the first day of training, he had yet to play a game this fall when he was sent down to the Braves' AHL farm team. There he became one of the highest paid minor league athletes in the history of sport, for his \$100,000 Bruin salary was in full force.

A few hours before the Braves left for New Haven, Armand (Bep) Guidolin, the Bruin coach, sat behind his desk in the team's locker room and said of Sanderson, "There's nothing wrong with his back. We sent him down to get in shape. When he came to us from Philadelphia he was in terrible shape. Last year it was a battle trying to get him in condition. Then, after he got hurt this year, he did nothing to get back in condition. I'm tired of it. I don't even want to talk about him. He gets all this publicity and he hasn't played hockey in two years!" Guidolin fell silent. He is a thick-necked, curly-haired man who could easily pass for Frank Sinatra's bodyguard. In 1942, at the age of 16, he was the youngest player ever to come into the NHL. As a minor league coach he had a reputation for being a stickler for conditioning and discipline, which was why on Feb. 5, 1973 he was picked to replace Tom Johnson as the Bruin coach. Johnson, an easygoing, pipe-smoking man, was said to have been too soft on the increasingly careless Bruins, who were then stumbling along in third place in the East Division of the NHL. Guidolin guided the Bruins

to five straight victories and 20 wins in their last 26 games and a second place finish.

"Listen, sending Sanderson down was a disciplinary measure, too," added Guidolin. "He's gotta prove to me he can do what he's told. And he's gotta show me he can still play hockey. I mean every game, not just one game out of three or four. I can tell you this for sure. He didn't run at anyone all last year! All he ever did was play up to the other teams' potential. He never played any harder than he had to. Why do you think we were able to waive him out of the league before sending him down? Why didn't L.A. try to grab him? Or Vancouver? Now everybody's telling me he's in a great frame of mind. Derek wants to play hockey again, they say. I haven't seen it. I haven't seen anything on the ice. I'm tired of hearing Derek Sanderson's gonna do this, Derek Sanderson's gonna do that. I'm tired of hearing all the things he's gonna do and never does. I don't want to hear anything from him anymore. He's always trying to con you. It's a habit by now. A habit."

Guidolin stood up to leave. With the

continued



ON THE ICE Sanderson returns unchastened from Boston's Braves to the skeptical Bruins.

thumb and forefinger of each hand he pinched his shirt collar and tugged it up around his neck, a gesture out of *Guns and Dolls*. "To get back to the Bruins," he said, "he's got to get in shape, prove he can do what he's told, and that he can still play hockey. When I first saw him at 18 I thought he couldn't miss. Now, when he wants to be, he's one of the three best centers in hockey. But he's got to make up his mind whether he wants to drive his Rolls-Royce or be a great hockey player. A lot of people got Rolls-Royces and nobody knows their name. Without hockey nobody would know Derek Sanderson's name."

Riding toward New Haven on the bus, Derek talks, to no one in particular and to everyone. To Johnny Carlton, the Braves' dapper business manager; to his young teammates behind him; to Nate Greenberg, contented now, shelling pistachio nuts across the aisle; and most of all to Ravlich, a former Bruin, Ravlich, slouched in the seat in front of Derek, is trying to sleep. Each time he is about to doze off Derek taps him on the shoulder, saying, "Ain't that right, Matty Joe?"

He has always talked. When he first came up to the Bruins he looked around, saw Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito, and decided that the only way his name would be mentioned in the same breath with theirs was to be outrageously outspoken. "I worked hard at shocking people," he says, "and now I'm the highest paid 25-goal player in history." For a while with the Bruins, his fabricated flamboyance grew in pace with his solid talent. But then the former kept on growing while the latter stopped, began to wither. Still, he talks outrageously—"I went \$68,000 in debt my first year in the NHL"—but no longer with passionate intensity. He speaks in a toneless voice and with a blank, small-featured gaze. He talks out of habit now, without conviction, like a record winding down. The tenor of his remarks has shifted noticeably, too, from braggadocio to self-deprecation. "Everyone thinks I'm a real flake, now, and maybe they're right. My mind is a little screwed up."

When the bus passes Worcester on the Massachusetts Turnpike it is not yet dark outside. Derek is talking about his business ventures. He is thinking of buy-

ing an old warehouse near Boston Garden and converting it into a condominium. He is one of three partners in a chain of Boston nightclubs with Scott Fitzgerald names—Daisy Buchanan, Great Gatsby's, Zelda's and Scott's. "Why?" he says. "No reason. I just like the names." When the bus crosses into Connecticut on Route 86 it is dark outside and inside. Derek is talking about the girls he has dated. "Joey Heatherston was a class lady. Real class. But I'm tired of the kind of girl who thinks a simple meal begins with civilar. I'd like to find a girl who drinks beer out of a bottle, a girl you can relax with."

As the bus passes the flat, darkened tobacco fields north of Hartford, Derek begins to talk about his experience in the WHA. "It's a minor league," he says. "I felt I worked very hard to get to the majors and then there I was in Triple A. There's no glamour in the WHA. There's only about 20 guys who could play in the NHL and they're just biding their time. Pretty soon they'll be jumping back. I'd never do it again. If I had it to do over again I wouldn't do it. Not even for the money. I got fat. Ain't that right, Matty Joe? A fat cat. I lost my values. I bought nightclubs and invested \$200,000 in the market and after a while I had so many outside interests I'd lost my ability to concentrate on the game. My thoughts were too diversified. I forgot about the sport that had brought me there in the first place. I had no desire. I was just going through the motions. I was so bad at Philly I wanted to crawl into a hole and hide."

"I was really happy to get back to the Bruins. Then I hurt my back this year, and maybe I didn't do enough to get into shape again. I don't know. I think they sent me down to humiliate me, make me eat humble pie. For eight days I told Harry [Harry Sinden, the Bruin managing director] I wouldn't go to the AHL. No way. Then Harry and my attorney, Bob Woolf, told me it was in my best interest to go. Woolf told me I had to go to keep my name in print for my business ventures. So here I am. It turned out to be the best move I ever made. I had lost my perspective on things. I was working so hard at keeping up an image and making money that I forgot to play hockey. Now with the Braves I'm just playing hockey again. It's a challenge to prove I

can make it back. Besides, I love it here. This is the most fun I've had in eight years. The guys are great; there's a lot of laughs. Even the bus rides are O.K. Buses don't leave the ground, eh? I might decide not even to go back to the Bruins, stay in the AHL permanently. Ain't that right, Matty Joe? I don't deny though that I was nervous my first game here. More nervous than I'd ever been. I didn't want to embarrass myself. I had to score a goal, too. Prove something. But they overestimate me down here. They give me an extra half-step because of my reputation. They back up on me. They're waiting for me to do things on the ice maybe I can't do. And if I happen to make a mistake everyone thinks it's the other guy's fault, not mine. I should know better."

It is over two hours now since the Interstate Lines bus left Boston. Most of the players are asleep. Only Carlton, Greenberg, Ravlich and Sanderson are still awake in the front seats. The floor around them is littered with the tiny red shells from Greenberg's bag of pistachio nuts. Carlton, Greenberg and Ravlich are sitting back in their seats, their heads resting on the backs, eyes staring ahead through the bus window. Derek, leaning forward in his seat, his elbows propped against the back of Ravlich's seat, is telling stories about his youth. Every so often, at the mention of a familiar name, a smile passes over the faces of Ravlich and Carlton, and they say to Derek, "What's that son of a gun doing now, Turk?" He shrugs, "Last I heard he was pumping gas outside of Vancouver," and they all laugh.

For a long while Derek talks about his past. His voice is different now. It is tinged with enthusiasm, and wonder, too, as if the person he is talking about is so distant that he recalls him only as a passing friend. He tells stories about his junior hockey days in Canada; about the rink owner so cheap he was always turning off lights so the players could barely see the net; about hockey under the famed Eddie Shore, who was such a tyrant his former players always said, "I played for Eddie Shore in hell"; about his first invitation to a professional training camp. "I was 18," he says, "too scared even to smoke." He holds up what must be his 20th cigarette of the trip and

continued



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it reminds him of the first time he ever snuck a cigarette on a darkened team bus. Now, almost nine years later on another darkened team bus, Derek describes that moment in pantomime. He lowers his head to his knees, hunches his shoulders forward and through cupped hands drags deeply on his cigarette. He fills his cheeks with smoke and sits up to find, standing by his seat, his imaginary coach of nine years ago. He is too terrified to exhale and so, while his coach talks to him, Derek only nods, his cheeks bulging and his eyes popping out like a frog's. Just as he seems about to explode his imaginary coach walks back to his seat and Derek exhales like the west wind. He begins flailing his arms to clear the smoke while around him Carlton, Greenberg and Ravlich roar with laughter.

A friend of Derek's says of him, "Late-ly, he's been talking a lot about the way things used to be. He likes to talk about the old Bruins, how close they were, how they used to fight together on the ice and afterward go drinking and carousing together. He says it isn't like that anymore. I told him he isn't like that anymore. He's 27 now. He wants to be 21 again. I still can't get him to go to sleep at night. That's why he and Bep don't get along. Bep hates Derek's life-style. He's a good guy in a lot of ways but he's thick-headed, too. Know what I mean? He doesn't understand Derek. He's trying to break him. He won't take him back until Derek crawls back on his hands and knees. But Derek will never give him the satisfaction. He told me once, 'I know Bep's game and I'll deck him before I ever give in.' And how Derek hates it down here in the AHL! It degrades him. Harry knows. If it was up to Harry, Derek would be back with the Bruins right now."

Harry Sinden was Sanderson's Bruin coach in the late '60s. "When Derek first came to the Bruins' camp," says Sinden, "nobody expected him to make it. He fooled us all. He was a tough, cocky, dead-end kid who loved to play. As he grew more successful he also grew more talented, but then with more and more success he got too many outside interests and his hockey began to suffer. His concentration was too diffused. It was hard for him to retain his desire after getting all that money. It affected him. He lost track of what he was. If a

carpenter thinks he's an electrician he gets a shock, doesn't he? Derek isn't foremost a sex symbol or a talk-show host or a philosopher or a basketball player. He's a hockey player. He makes sense on the ice, a kind of sense he doesn't make off the ice. Some people are never lucky enough to make sense at any one thing. Now Derek says he wants to play hockey again. I never lost faith; I always thought once he got his other interests aside he'd come back to what he was. That's why we sent him to the Braves. We felt that once he started playing against opponents again, it would rekindle his enthusiasm for the game."

On the ice against the New Haven Nighthawks, Derek moves as in a dream—gracefully and without effort. He plays a private game, so far superior to that of all the others that at times he looks like a fool. He leads his teammates with pinpoint passes they are too slow to reach. Without looking behind, he strategically drops the puck for a trailing teammate, who fails to see it. He stands alone at center ice expecting a pass that never comes. He skates swiftly, without exertion, while behind him players sweat and strain. And yet he does it all by rote, his expression blank. He loses a number of face-offs and then just stares at the puck moving away from him. At times he passes off too quickly when an opponent approaches, and never once does he check his man into the boards. Still, he scores three goals. The first—a soft, high, fluttery shot—is a fluke. The last is scored on an empty net in the closing seconds of the game with his team leading 4-3. But his second goal, the one that puts the Braves ahead by that 4-3 score, is a beautiful shot. He outskates a Nighthawk to an unintended puck and then he breaks away, alone, and races toward the New Haven goal. He feints the goalie to his left and then fires a perfect shot over his right shoulder.

Later, in the dressing room, he is no longer an object of derision. In awe, one player says to another, "Did you see him? Do you believe it?" Wearing only a towel around his waist, Derek stands by his locker and talks to six reporters. He tells them how much he loves playing in the AHL; that he expects the Bruins to trade him soon; that he would only go to New York or L.A. "That's where

the glamour is," he says. After the reporters have left and all of his teammates are waiting for him on the bus that will take them back to Boston, Derek is still dressing. "I played lousy," he says. "I didn't do anything but score three goals. I kept looking for the big play instead of forechecking people. But I was just pacing myself. Trying not to get caught."

Sanderson played only three games for the Braves before he was recalled by the Bruins. On his return to Boston Garden he received a standing ovation from the fans.

There had been no promise of a chastened Sanderson, and clearly the crowd did not want one. This was a gut roar for the reappearance of the dead-end kid, the rebel.

There were other ovations for Sanderson during the game, the most uproarious when he scored a slick, professional goal. The Bruins' young Greg Sheppard came out of a melee behind the enemy net with the puck on his stick and flipped it out to Sanderson, who was cruising some 15 feet from the goal mouth. With one fluid motion Sanderson received the puck and fired it past the goalie. That score tied the game. The Bruins went on to win.

And they have kept on winning. Sanderson has not been getting many goals but the applause has continued, although he has been used as merely the spare center and as a killer of penalties. In the latter role he has been superb. But the stars of the team continue to be Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito. Sanderson is in effect a utility man, inhabiting a kind of affluent limbo. Cars, clothes, clubs, pals who humor him through the night, these are still Sanderson's. But as a hockey player he has yet to make a believer of his coach. "He was recalled because that was the deal we had with Harry [Sinden]," says Gaudoin. "I still don't know if he's in shape yet. I'm waiting for him to play as great as everyone says he used to. I haven't seen it yet. When he does, he can help the Bruins win the Stanley Cup. He can do things on the ice a rookie can't do. He hasn't been playing badly. He looks better every time out. Our communication is better, too. He's doing what I ask him to do. Still, he's Derek Sanderson, isn't he? He has his set ways, and that's it."

END

SEARCHING FOR BRAND NEW EARTH GAMES

A jabbing forefinger showed the way to Stewart Brand. He was the tiny figure with the white wings on the far hilltop. It was a trudge to get there, kneecaps stinging on beetle thistle blossoms, lungs gasping much too soon, forehead beaded, back sore from the slap of the tape recorder. But there, finally, within talking distance, the fair man turned at the heaving hallo. Vivid blue eyes, beaked nose, slashing grin, he was indeed an arresting man. "Hi," Brand said. And then, returning his beak to the breeze, he took three sure strides and lofted himself over the brink. Irritating.

There were other hang gliders over the valley that day, but Brand, characteristically, had the only white rig among the resplendent wings. He worked a pop of air and gained lift. Beyond him was his mysterious creation, the New Games Tournament. Brand, who gave the country the Whole Earth catalogs, was impinging on the public consciousness again.

For two weekends last fall the tournament was held in a natural bowl on the Pacific headlands just eight miles from downtown San Francisco. The weather was chancey, but thousands came. They roamed the valley, experimenting with such scattered diversions as earth ball, people-size Parcheesi, boffing, monster tug-of-war over a creek, exotic board and computer games, a gentle martial art called aikido, new Frisbee and the old Indian bone game. Further they were encouraged to create new sports. The U.S. Army supplied drinking water in combat field tanks. The Hog Farm Commune catered the food. Admission for adults was \$2.50.

The money behind this nurtured affair came from Point, a spectacularly non-profit foundation. Point was established to handle the \$1.5 million that the sale



The creator of the Whole Earth catalogs, Stewart Brand (above), turns his madcap mind to sport by running a test-tube tournament

by KEITH POWER

of Brand's *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, winner of the 1972 National Book Award, brought in after the staff decided to fire itself. Dipping unrestrainedly into capital, Point directors have dispatched eco-activists to Stockholm for the U.N. environmental conference and encouraged such odd endeavors as recording techniques of Tibetan bell casting. It was not surprising, therefore, that the foundation was prepared to drop \$12,000 to invent new kinds of sports.

It was the shakedown day of the tournament when Brand launched himself from the hilltop and descended toward his creation. The lift gave him a long reach, but deposited him in a patch of thistles which was—well—satisfactory. The downhill pursuit of Brand, a jarring, backslapping lope, still was too late. He was unharnessed at the bottom and had begun supervising play in the boffing area. He is a lithe, broad-shouldered man of 34. Still, there is something about him

that reminds one of the kid on the block who would get you off roller skates to play kick-the-can, his game. "He always had a knack for planning things and pulling them off which a lot of people wished they had," a friend said.

Brand has been a pioneer, if not the catalyst, in almost every fad of the past 10 years. He took part in LSD research (1962), investigated American Indian culture (1964-1966), designed and organized the Trips Festival (1966), which was a precursor of Woodstock.

The catalog business was founded mainly because Brand again stepped aside from the enthusiasms of his contemporaries. "My friends were doing communes then," he explains. "I had the design problem of how to be of use to them without actually living in a commune." He showed them which tools were best. It turned out, when Brand finally stood still for an interview, that the New Games Tournament was simply another kind of tool he was offering the whole earth. He explained, "You can't go to a guy in the middle of a football game and say 'Hey, you ought to be playing softball, you know.' I mean he's already suited up for football. If he is interested as a youngster in a game that is going to lead to a more serious game, which may lead to professional football, which may lead to Nixonian international politics, which may lead to whatever—that's a very narrow street and it turns out to be one-way."

"The thing we found out in the '60s is that you can change the game by turning your back on it and going away and starting a new game, and if that is a more interesting game, then people come over to play it. Evolutionary tactics seem to apply. The more diversity, the healthier everybody is. Rather than getting caught on one dinosaurlike path, you have a

continued



THE STRAW that broke the players' back: contestants had to throw bales weighing up to 60 pounds over a string that was ramed higher with each man's success.



WRAPPED UP in its fanciful possibilities and hidden in its folds, a group frolicked with a discarded parachute, getting a giddy uplift by floating it off hills.

labyrinth of things going on constantly.

"You cannot change a game by winning it, you cannot change a game by losing it, you cannot even change it by refereeing it. Changing games seemed to me to be a useful thing to do, a way to be, a set of metastrategies to learn. And not just for one person to make a career out of, but for a lot of people to start living with. It is a way they can better deal with their lives.

"Kids invent games. Grown-ups mostly don't. Kids are flexible. They are not hardened into thinking. The New Games Tournaments might help change some adults' attitudes.

"In the new games you try to go to that point where there is pride and there is real contest, but you stay short of the point where you are doing-in the system—human, ecological, social or governmental. Right now our battles have outgrown our battlefields."

One acceptable battlefield conceived in the New Games Tournaments, Brand said, was the aikido mat. Teams were chosen and a line drawn across the aikido mat. One contestant darted into enemy territory and tried to touch as many people as possible before flitting home. Once there, the touched opponents were out of the game. It behaved the enemy, therefore, to stop him. A primitive enough sport, up to this point in the description. The touch of sophistication was that the raider had to chant continually during the foray, without taking a second breath. Held down and chumless, he was through.

"Dodo, dodo, dodo, dodo, dodo he had to chant, a refrain for a defenseless, extinct bird.

This is obviously not the kind of constructed diversion apt to catch on with the average American in pursuit of New Games. Brand swiftly conceded that his affair in the Pacific headlands will not be repeated by Point. It was a prototype, he said, that others, including those interested in a "capitalistic venture," might learn from. Brand said he was prepared to share his experience because he would like to see the life-design experiment going on in other places, like New York's Central Park.

"The tournament was one test tube in one laboratory at one time. We organized it to see what happens when you say, 'Hey, new games, folks.'"

END



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALI STREIBER

GO FLY A KITE was the idea, but first you had to make one. 100 people did, fashioning old boxes and old brushes from sticks and bright paper.

KNOWING THE ROPES of the children's game Cat's Cradle, some adults tried a matured version but kept their fingers crossed that it would work out.



TUG OF WAR without the teams lined up at either side of a chalk and at the start had to jump the stream and race to gain a handful on the cable.



MIND OVER MATTER was the theme on the aikido mat after an expert explained that savvy players could turn an attacker's energy on himself.



TOP DOG, or rather top scum, in this game was the one forming a pyramid of 10 in the fastest time. Then, of course, the pyramids all fell down.

A DELICATE BALANCE was seldom struck in henker, however, as one opponent knocked another off perch by snatching rope or dropping it suddenly.



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THE RISING GAME OF THE RISING SUN

To satisfy its yen for golf, Japan is turning out new courses like cameras while buying up old ones in the U.S. by **RICHARD W. JOHNSTON**

Any day now you may come in from a round of golf at your local club and find one or more smiling, courteous and impeccably dressed Japanese gentlemen inspecting the locker room. Even if you have played 36 holes and the light is dying, even if your day of golf has left you frustrated and depressed, go out and play another 18. You may not get many more chances. For your Japanese visitors are not casual sightseers nor are they, necessarily, golfers. They have come to buy your club.

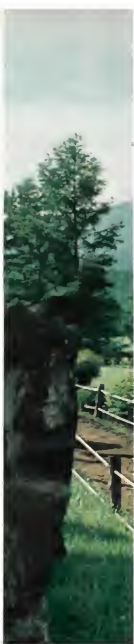
The developing Japanese interest in overseas golf locations is no Yellow Peril fantasy. Instead, it is a quite logical extension of Japan's golf boom, one of the most feverish and sustained participant sport manias in anybody's history. The expansion is fueled by three powerful propellants: 1) Japan does not now, and perhaps never will, have enough courses

to accommodate the number of people who want to play; 2) Japanese tourists are seldom able to gain access to U.S. clubs in the areas they most frequently visit; and 3) Japanese businessmen have discovered that a golf club, at home or abroad, can be as lucrative a moneymaking machine as, say, a Xerox franchise.

If these entrepreneurs were simply buying up (or building) golf clubs as overseas investments, without disturbing Western formats of private and public golf clubs, there would be little cause for concern on the part of American players. But the Japanese have a very different idea of how a club should be managed and who should patronize it. The scheme is not only to export golf but golfers. Not stars like Jumbo Ozaki or Takasaki Kono or Takashi Murakami, but eager young executives and white-collar workers who, thanks to Japan's inflated

continued

TOKYO GOLF IS A TRIPLE DECKER RANGE, FAR FROM THE TRANQUILITY OF PUE





but flourishing bonus-plus-expense-account economy, will pay almost anything and will go 10,000 miles, if necessary, to break free of their ubiquitous driving ranges and play on real golf courses. The effort to supply them with foreign playing grounds has nothing to do with building bridges between nations. Rather, the promoters—and they include some of Japan's most formidable conglomerates—see overseas courses as permanent yen laundries designed to wash vacation money out of Japanese travelers without risking foolish expenditure on the economies of other countries.

As it did once before, Hawaii has suffered the first impact of eastward expansion, but this time the Japanese are far better armed than they were on Dec. 7, 1941, and they already have gone beyond the islands to establish beachheads on the mainland. They are pegging the almighty yen—a currency in seemingly boundless supply, against the scarce and Temply devalued dollar. A year ago a Tokyo tourist could fly to and from Honolulu on Japan Air Lines, stay in a Japanese-owned hotel, go sightseeing on Japanese-owned tour buses and spend his “discretionary money” in Japanese-operated restaurants, stores and curio shops. Now he can play golf at any one of four Japanese-owned clubs. Golf, indeed, may provide the *coup de grâce* which—to risk an interlinguistic pun—also means cutting the grass right out from under American golfers' feet. For the humiliating fact is that most Americans—including, in Hawaii, many of Japanese ancestry—simply cannot afford to play on a Japanese-owned course, not even a public one.

The case of the Makaha Inn and Country Club, a hotel and 36-hole public layout 45 miles from Honolulu, is an instructive one. Because of its relative remoteness, the inn was only 19% occupied when representatives of Dai-ichi Kanko Inc. of Tokyo appeared on the scene last spring. They bought Makaha for \$19 million, declared it would remain open to the public “on a limited basis,” and announced their intention to sell 3,000 country club memberships in Japan, with the first 500 priced at \$10,000 each. They also revealed plans for a \$10-million, 400-room expansion of the inn

and the renovation of both courses. When all the Tokyo memberships have been sold, not many Hawaiian or mainland golfers can hope to get a tee time even if they can afford the greens fees (they now are only \$14.50, including use of a golf cart—a fee structure that as we shall see would seem conservative in Japan; Dai-ichi officials say privately that the fees will be made “more realistic” next January). Other Japanese companies have bought 50% of the Hawaii Country Club, and all of The Francis I. Brown Country Club. The latter, situated on pleasantly rolling hills on the outskirts

Peacock Gap Golf Club in Marin County, just north of San Francisco, was sold to Nitto Kogyo Ltd. The Taiheyo Club, an offshoot of the Heru-a-Sogo Bank and sponsor of the \$300,000 Taiheyo Open, is surveying clubs in sections of New Jersey adjacent to New York. The Church of Perfect Liberty is preparing to build major golf complexes just inshore from Malibu in southern California and just outside London, England. Another Japanese firm reportedly is dickering with the owners of La Costa, the elegant spa north of San Diego, and the owners may be confronted by an offer that even Don Corleone could not refuse.

RECAPTURED BY E. NODD



IT BEGAN WITH NAKAMURA'S 1997 CANADA CUP WIN

of Honolulu, has been renamed The Pearl Country Club because it overlooks Pearl Harbor.

There are some 11,000 golf courses in the U.S., and the Japanese obviously are not going to buy them all. Some have built-in safeguards against acquisition—private clubs, for example, in which members have a controlling equity, or state, county and municipal courses. Adverse climatic conditions and lack of tourist appeal rule out others. The pressure points are San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, New York, Washington and Miami—places most Japanese would like to visit and places, unfortunately, that can least afford to lose a single links (well over a million rounds were played last year on Los Angeles' 13 city-owned courses). Two months ago the

What happened out there while we were all watching Ben and Sam and Arnie and Jack and Lee? What suddenly converted the Japanese from a passive nation of spectator sportsmen preoccupied with sumo, *hambori* and memories of Babe Ruth into a lustful mob of club-swinging Satyrs? (The term “fan,” or even its stem “fanatic,” is too pallid to describe the Japanese attitude toward golf—they lust for *gorafu* like Burton wanted Taylor, or vice versa.) More important from an American standpoint, how have the Japanese converted this fantastic rage to play into an enormously profitable industry, an alluring speculative venture and—now—an alarmingly exportable commodity? Have they beaten their samurai swords into nine-irons? Has the game become *gorafu teikoku*—stake—golf imperialism?

To answer any or all of these questions one must go back to a Sunday late in October of 1957 when a Japanese golfer named Torakichi (Pete) Nakamura held a two-foot putt on the 18th green of Tokyo's Kasumigaseki Country Club to win the Canada Cup (later renamed the World Cup). Nakamura and his teammate Koichi Ono had a combined score of 557, nine strokes better than the second-place U.S. team of Sam Snead and Jimmy Demaret, and better to much better than the teams from 28 other countries that participated. Nakamura himself finished 14 under par, seven strokes ahead of Snead, South Africa's Gary Player and Wales' Dave Thomas. Although the tournament was simply reported at the time, no Westerner could

then have guessed the impact the result would have on the Japanese people. Nakamura's victory demonstrated to millions of Japanese that they could compete successfully, given the opportunity, with the rest of the world in sport, as well as in optics and industry. It also aroused a sudden interest in golf among people who had never played it or expected to be able to. At the time Japan had fewer than 100 courses, and for the most part they were the provinces of foreigners or the very rich. Golf's relationship to the general populace was roughly akin to that of polo to the American people in the 1930s.

As of this writing, Japan has 747 courses (680 of them membership, 61 privately owned "public" layouts and six publicly owned prefectural or municipal courses). An estimated 220 more are under construction, and 520 are in various stages of projection, planning or membership solicitation. In addition, the country has nearly 5,000 driving ranges (600 in Tokyo itself), many open from dawn until 10 p.m., some of them giant three-deckers that will accommodate 155 swingers at a time and also will provide baby-sitting. There are minicourses in most cities, as well as three-pars crammed into residential districts. In fact, golf has come so far so fast that it has achieved the modern accolade—there is a movement among prefectural governments, justified in a few cases, against *gorafu koga*—golf "pollution."

If, in a country with the enormous land vistas of the U.S., these golf concentrations seem surprising, one should remember that Japan has slightly more than 100 million people crowded onto the four main islands of Honshu, Hokkaido, Kyushu and Shikoku, with a combined land area of only 143,000 square miles—4,000 fewer than the state of Montana. Moreover, less than one-fifth of the land is arable (Japan's misty mountains take up a lot of room), and Japan must import much of its vital foodstuffs. Even 1,500 courses and 5,000 driving ranges are just a drop in the *mishiru* (bean soup) for 100 million people. One gets the feeling that there are enough golfers or would-be golfers to fill 5,000 courses. But how many golfers are there, really? Recently the newspaper *Asahi*—after a careful survey—guessed 10 million. Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka sneers at that estimate—16 million, says Tanaka.

Kenshiro Motiya, a suave middle-aged Nisei who serves as an aide to Hiroshi Hori, secretary-general of the Japan Golf Association (the Japanese equivalent of the USGA), answered the question with several of his own: "What is a golfer? Is a man or woman who goes once a week to a driving range a golfer? Is a person who owns a membership in a course he has never seen, purely for speculative purposes, a golfer? No one can answer the question, but there is no doubt that of all foreign sports introduced to Japan, golf and baseball are the only ones that have swept the country." Hiroshi Hori adds, "The golf boom will continue because much of the patronage—perhaps most of it—is from people with expense accounts, even companies who buy memberships for key employees, and golf is widely used for business entertainment. Building a golf club is a very expensive proposition, and the people who do it are not doing it for love of the game but to make money."

Golf used as expense-account entertainment is no stranger to the West, but speculative memberships? These are the real secret of the golf boom, the reason why in Japan today there's no business like golf business, and why so many major Japanese corporations are diversifying into it. In most of the post-Canada Cup clubs, memberships can be sold as casually as stock shares, there is no possible blackball, and a man who buys early and hangs tough may see his membership multiply in value as much as 50 times. Banks will loan money for speculative purchases, and one Tokyo newspaperman has loan-bought memberships in four courses. His annual income is about \$19,000 and his loan payments total between \$5,000 and \$6,000. If the boom continues he will, despite taxes, retire a rich man, able to play golf as often as he likes on the one membership he will retain.

A few of Japan's older clubs—including the oldest, the Mt. Rokko stronghold of the Kobe Golf Club, a course 3,000 feet high built in 1903 by one of those crazy Englishmen who go out in the mid-day sun, Arthur Hesketh Groom—have remained aloof from the boom, barring membership sales and even, in some cases, inheritance. Hodogaya Country Club, near Yokohama, is another. The one ancient prestige course—ancient meaning 1937 in this case—that has gone

with the golf inflation is Koganei, a gently contoured 18-hole course in a Tokyo suburb only 25 miles from the Ganza—or the Diet. It is a favorite haunt of the prime minister and his predecessor, Eisaku Sato, as well as Kenji Osano, a close friend of Tanaka's and, like him, a rags-to-riches success. (The Japanese press sometimes calls Osano "The Howard Hughes of Japan," partly because he may be the richest man in the country, partly because he is so inaccessible: some people he has done business with—or to—call him "The ape from the foot of Mount Fuji." The son of a peasant who literally was born on Fuji-san's slopes, Osano has never had any patience with Tokyo's elaborate, indirect business rituals.)

Koganei was founded in 1937 by Ki-ichi Fukagawa, who paid \$12 an acre for a collection of depression-foreclosed silk (mulberry) farms, engaged the great Walter Hagen as his architect and sold 500 memberships at \$145 each. The surviving charter purchasers—and there are a surprising lot of them—can now sell their membership for ¥40 million, about \$143,000. However, unlike the boom clubs, prospective purchasers are rigidly screened and must be important in the business or political world. Members over 80 years old are exempted from greens fees, and one of them, Kazuo Shinagawa, the 84-year-old retired director of Yomiuri Shimbun, plays twice a week the year round. He walks, too—there are no golf carts.

The absence of golf carts is by no means a Koganei phenomenon. The Japanese, old and new generations alike, believe golf was meant for exercise as well as enjoyment. Certainly the absence of carts does a lot to restore the legitimacy of golf as beneficial exercise. On the other hand, given the terrific player pressure that exists in Japan, their availability would speed up the game, presumably make more tee times available and alleviate the caddy shortage.

The new golf entrepreneurs are a different breed from the conservators of Kobe, Hodogaya, or even Koganei. This does not mean that they are crooks or con men (though some may be), but rather that their interest is more financial than sporting. This is the way the money machine usually works: a combination of businessmen, more often than not set up as a subsidiary of an old

credit card

established firm, locates an area whose topography suggests a golf location. They begin by buying up farms and timberlands. As soon as enough land has been acquired—often less than half the area needed—an elaborate brochure is produced showing the architect's renderings of the finished course and clubhouse, and membership solicitations begin. These are called "first stage" memberships and may sell for as little as \$1,800.

The money thus obtained is used for remaining land purchases. Although the limits of membership are stated—1,500, 2,000, sometimes 3,000—these tend to become elastic in practice. With the start of construction, "second stage" memberships are sold at \$3,000-\$4,000, and rough completion of the course will jump the price of "third stage" memberships to \$5,000-\$7,500. When the course actually opens, a "fourth stage" fee, which may be \$10,000 (or much, much more), will be proposed in the unlikely event that any memberships remain unsold. (This stage-membership system is being introduced at Makaha in Hawaii, based on redesign of the present courses and additions to the inn and clubhouse. The last 3,000 memberships will sell for \$25,000.)

How many of these "members" will actually play, or even visit the course? This is a matter of minor concern to the promoters, who retain title to the land and its installations, including the clubhouse, and can expect a continuing income from greens and maintenance fees. Given the avidity of Japanese golfers, the owners can be assured that enough will play—and will bring guests—to keep their enterprises profitable. Members pay reasonable greens fees, sometimes as little as \$1.15. Guests—expense-accounted guests, one suspects—are the bonanza. At the Hakone Country Club in the high season of July and August, Sunday guests pay as much as \$50 per round. Even weekday fees at lesser courses are seldom under \$25. It is hardly surprising that this kind of business has attracted the attention of a number of foreign golfers, notably Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player and Tony Jacklin. All are involved with Japanese companies that are building (or threatening to build) courses and making the fullest possible use of their names for membership solicitations.

The man who began bringing foreign-

ers into the boom as architects, consultants or designers is Tokusaburo Sawai, who until recently was director of sports development for Seibu, a division of the giant Kokudo Keikaku Co., a conglomerate based on railroads which also operates the Prince chain of luxury hotels. Sawai, who has been called "The Mister Golf of Japan," invented the first three-deck driving range in Tokyo about 15 years ago, and certainly was one of the first to sense the potentialities of the Nakamura victory. Next to the government, Kokudo Keikaku is the nation's biggest landowner, and for a long time company officers had pondered what to do with a beautiful mountain-rimmed but slushy valley in the highland resort of Karuizawa, two hours northwest of Tokyo by train. Despite unfavorable prognoses by Japanese architects ("too swampy"), Sawai persuaded his superiors, Yuji Tsutsumi and his brother Yoshiaki, that golf was the answer. "We decided we had to have the best," Sawai said, "so I went to the U.S. and invited Robert Trent Jones to consider the project. Jones and his son Bob immediately saw that the swamps, far from being a detriment, could be utilized as water hazards. They began work at once. Trent designed the first 36 holes, Bob the second 36—and Golf 72 was born. It opened in 1972, and you may say that we are 120% satisfied with the job the Joneses did." Jones Jr. has been commissioned by Seibu to design a 27-hole course for the company's latest acquisition, a 1,000-acre hunk of the Ulupalakua Ranch on the Hawaiian island of Maui, along with five more courses in Japan proper.

Before setting out to see "the real Japan" one should inspect Sawai's pioneer three-deck driving range in Shiba Park, in the heart of the capital. It is almost a city in itself. An average of 9,500 persons use the range each week, paying \$3.60 for tee reservations, or else waiting in line for one to four hours and paying \$2.40 for a bucket of balls, part of which is for "lighting" and maintenance. The range restaurant is generally crowded, people line up for the *samurai* as well as the toes, and a few bikinied girls sun around its giant pool. On a typical day about half the golfers on the three decks are women, many of them young and stylishly dressed. "Geishas or bar girls," explained a Tokyo resident. "After all, these girls must be able to talk about their

customers' interests, and these days the interests are likely to be golf."

For a brief tour of Japanese courses, the Kawagoe Country Club is a good place to begin, for it epitomizes the boom. Kawagoe stands on a hill high above the savannas of the revived silk industry about an hour and a half out of the city, and its 27-hole course, up and downhill with a spectacular over-water carry on its par-3 No. 4 hole, was designed 10 years ago by Pete Nakamura (he has done a dozen others since). Like most Japanese courses, it has two greens per hole—*kurai* and bent, the latter for winter play. Though its greens are not severely trapped, Kawagoe has some fairway bunkers so deep that they resemble small volcanic cones. "Nakamura bunkers," grinned the resident pro.

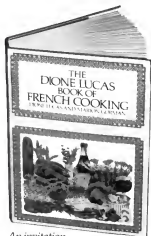
In its fee structure and its increment of value Kawagoe can stand for almost every membership course built in the last decade and a half. It has 1,800 members, and original joiners paid only about \$1,000. Its annual dues are \$42, and weekday guests pay \$18.75 in greens fees while the Sunday and holiday fee goes up to \$28.80. Like most clubs, it is suffering a caddy shortage, and the traditional female club carriers (at rural courses they are farmers' wives, not *Ginza* beauties) are now supplemented by schoolboys. The market value of memberships has risen to about \$14,000. Manager Takeshi Nagao says it will go up 20% when a nearby interchange on a new toll road, now under construction, is completed next spring. An average of 250 golfers a day play Kawagoe.

Across the mountain is the 14-year-old Fuji Heigen, a 27-hole course distinguished by its excellent view of Fuji. Sometimes Fuji boasts 1,900 regular members and 2,300 weekday members, and it is owned outright by a single person, Mrs. Tokiko Hirose, widow of the founder. Fuji Heigen provided an indomitable display of spirit—302 golfers already had teed off into fog and drizzle and dozens more were waiting. In F-H's opulent new clubhouse, Manager Akira Kusakari said, "Golf courses are beginning to form a necklace around the base of Fuji-san. There will be 31 by the end of the year. It still is not enough."

One of the brightest jewels in Fuji's necklace is a 3,600-foot-high course on the mountain's northwestern flank—Fuji Lakeside. It was raining there, too, but



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RECEIVED SUPER MILD CIGARETTES

a few players were finishing sodden afternoon rounds. The mountain did not appear that night, but at 4:15 the next morning a crescent of fire began to show above the hills that lie due east of the club's 60-bedroom lodge. In 10 minutes it had cleared the last peak—the Rising Sun that had given Japan both its sobriquet and its flag, a circular blaze of flame in a robin's-egg sky. Down at the course, towering over all, stood Fuji, thrusting against the cloudless dawn, its upper slopes above timberline faintly reflecting the sun's red glow, a few ribbons of snow cast like flung scarves down its ravines.

By tee time (7:30 a.m.) the shy mountain, as the Japanese call it, had begun to clothe itself, first in a tiny wispy cloud that appeared to rise behind the summit, then in a gradually enveloping, revolving halo that concealed the tip of the peak. By 9:30 the whole sky had closed down again, but in those few hours it was easy to understand why 1,300 golfers hang on to their \$28,000 memberships (up from \$2,100 when the club was founded 13 years ago), and why about 300 of them have built summer villas on the 100 *tsubo* of land (about 1/12 of an acre) that was included in each membership sale. Lakeside is one of the few golf courses in Japan that link land sales to memberships but, unlike the hundreds of U.S. golf-condominium projects, its building sites are not on the fairways.

Across the narrow wasteline of Honshu Island, on the Sea of Japan, a new venture called the Kaga Country Club opened last April. Its course is still too new and raw to judge but its clubhouse is truly unique—the only one in Japan built in the form of a medieval Japanese castle. Kaga's 2,500 memberships have all been sold, with the last-stage buyers paying nearly \$6,000 despite the fact that Kaga is six hours by train from Tokyo and 2½ from Kyoto. But Kaga castle is not the most extraordinary product of the Nakamura boom. That distinction belongs to the Church of Perfect Liberty, or "PL," as it is known throughout Japan (learning to say "PL" instead of "PR" presumably is one of the first steps toward conversion). Some 20 miles south of Osaka, at Foudabayashi, PL has its world headquarters in a 2,500-acre extravaganza that not only includes a temple, an amusement park, a 2,100-student boarding school and a 600-foot "Peace Tower" but three golf

courses—the 36-hole PL Country Club plus public layouts of 27 and 18 holes. PL has 380 girl caddies who not only carry golf bags and find lost balls but actually push elderly golfers up the hillier fairways.

The Church of Perfect Liberty is presided over by its patriarch, 73-year-old Tokuchika Miki, son of a Zen Buddhist priest who 50 years ago decided that the way of man was as important as the way of the gods. Not long after Nakamura's victory, Miki Jr. decided that the Way of Golf might very well serve as an expression of the Way of Man. The patriarch, dapper in a pinstriped white suit with white hair flowing back in a sort of Albert Einstein cut, receives visitors in a sumptuous office that demonstrates PL's first precept—"Life is Art." Seven original Picassos were hung on the office walls, and statuary ranging from antique to abstract was scattered about the room. PL may be Miki's but it certainly isn't mouse. "Because we have several golf courses here and others elsewhere, some people ask if there is a relationship between our religion and golf," the patriarch said. "Some even call it 'the golf religion.' That is putting the matter upside down. Golf simply makes an important PL point—in playing golf a person must learn to control many emotions and make the best expression of himself. The emotion of grief after a bad shot, unless it is controlled, may cause another bad shot. We recommend that husbands and wives play golf together—it is a way for them to share happiness and jointly practice PL principles. Besides, golf is good for the aged as well as youth and it is truly international."

Back in Tokyo, Ambassador Robert Ingersoll talked about the state and future of Japanese golf. The ambassador has learned to share the determination of Japanese golfers. He said he had played the Hakone Country Club "when the fog was so thick you could hardly see the tee," and added, grinning, "The very first time I played here was in a typhoon. At home I wouldn't have played, but I was a brand-new ambassador and I wasn't going to chicken out."

Although he was careful to make clear that he was not speaking officially, Ingersoll said he could see no objection to carving golf courses out of the foothills of the mountains "or other land that is not being used." Arnold Palmer's Japanese

organization is one of many course-builders that has gone to the mountains. One course, Mianago, has just opened. Another, Shimotsuke, will be ready in about a year. At Shimotsuke, about 2½ hours northeast of Tokyo in Tochigi prefecture, the Hoshigaura Kōsan Co., which is building all Palmer courses, had 23 bulldozers at work despite heavy rain, carving the second nine out of Ozarkian hills. On what would be the 16th tee a big orange dozer literally was pushing 20-foot-high trees down a slope, while others shaped the fairway.

The most spectacular—some might say ridiculous—golf promotion in Japan is the creation of a playwright and speculator named Zenyu Hamada, who somehow persuaded the Royal and Ancient to let him build a "New St. Andrews." Hamada enlisted Jack Nicklaus to design the course and after a thorough exploration of the terrain Nicklaus agreed that a sort of St. Andrews could be built there. It will not have the famous Loop that has made the seventh to 11th holes a nightmare for golfers for 100 years, but with the help of Architect Desmond Muirhead the Golden Bear has contrived a fair approximation of the rest of the course, taking into account that it is nowhere near the sea but instead is in the mountains of Tochigi.

With the development of the ecology backlash, what will happen to all the other projected courses? Will the prefectures, seemingly unable to do much about Japan's real pollution problems—its mercurial seas and chemicalized air—make golf a scapegoat? Yoshitaka Komiyama, vice-president of the Taiheyo Club and the adopted son of Eizo Komiyama, board chairman of the Hewa Sogo Bank, is optimistic. In October the second Taiheyo Open was held and, glory be, won by Japan's own Junbo Ozaku. "It is our hope to make Taiheyo the fifth leg of the Grand Slam," Komiyama said. He had no comment on the eastward push, but boasted, "We now have courses open in Taiwan, Guam and Korea, and 25 more under construction in Japan. We plan to build 100 more between northern Hokkaido and Okinawa."

Two prefectures which have cracked down hard on golf are Kanagawa and Chiba. Kanagawa is the crowded state that encompasses Yokohama and the shores of Sagami Bay—"The Miami

continued

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Beach of Japan." Chiba, across the bay from Tokyo, is a relatively flat province that already has so many courses—45—that it sometimes is referred to as "The Golfers' Ginza." Since housing and agricultural lands are desperately short in both provinces, the bans make some sense. The same thing may be true of Hyogo prefecture (Kobe), which has 56 courses in operation.

But in other prefectures the concern with *gorufu kagayaku* seems vaguely based. There is no nationwide "forever wild" pressure group in Japan, and even if there were it is hard to believe that the archipelago's spinal mountains—beyond the reach of the bravest bulldozer—do not supply enough backpack country to suit even the Sierra Club. However, golf writers as well as golfers are worried about the spiraling costs of club memberships and the ever-mounting greens fees at privately owned public courses.

It is possible, of course, that the rage for golf will fade away, as did a previous lust for bowling. Japan is full of bowling pavilions, but business has diminished since the first burst of enthusiasm, and some of the lanes have gone broke.

Kenji Osano, "the ape from the foot of Mount Fuji," doubts that the golf boom will decline, but he is concerned by the inadequacy of facilities. "More public courses must be built," he said in a rare interview, and Osano is about to build a 27-hole public course near his Fuji birthplace. He has no problem himself. "I guess I belong to 20 courses," Osano said. "I play Tanaka at Koganeyama—almost always beat him. I really am a much better golfer than he is." Osano has a 13 handicap.

Old Pete Nakamura, now 58 but the man who started it all with that amazing Canada Cup round in 1957, is hard to catch—he plays a tournament a week during the season and declares that he feels "as young as any of the men around the courses." Nakamura sniffs at the idea that there are no opportunities for the young. "We didn't have girl caddies until after World War II, and then only because young men were needed to rebuild the country," he says. "Now there are many other job opportunities for girls, and there is a caddie shortage. Any boy who wants to play can get a caddie job and a chance to practice. Lower-income people can become quite proficient at

driving ranges while they accumulate enough money to buy club memberships. Most middle-class Japanese can afford membership in at least one club." Using a carbon-graphite club (\$280 in Japan) while playing a side-bet practice match with the club manager, Nakamura cracked a long drive from the first tee. As he started down the fairway, he said, "Most Japanese golfers play for chocolates—I play for money."

Compared to the kind of money the golf promotion companies are after, old Pete actually is playing for chocolate-coated peanuts. Despite prefectural objections, there seems little doubt that the internal expansion will continue. It also seems obvious that the eastward thrust has just begun, and that many more U.S. clubs will be acquired in the next few years. That is bad news for U.S. golfers, but is it good news for Japanese professionals? Hardly. As so often happens, sport and money make dubious allies. Most of the promotion companies, both those concentrating on Japan and those moving into the U.S., want soft courses that will entice but not frustrate the high-handicap golfer. As Hiroshi Hori said, the people who build or buy golf clubs at home or overseas "are not doing it for the love of the game but to make money." In this connection it will be interesting to see whether Dan-ichi Kanko's "stage" modifications of Hawaii's Ma'aha course will be designed to make it harder—or easier.

Seibu, with the free hand it has given the Joneses, is an honorable exception to Hori's rule, and it is possible the Palmer, Player, Jacklin and Nicklaus courses—if their sponsors permit it—will offer the kind of challenges Japan's pros need to become world class golfers. Such challenges are not available now. Even the Nakamura links, despite their deep bunkers, do not penalize inaccurate approach play. While a forgiving course makes for pleasant afternoons in the sun, it does not hone championship skills. No Japanese golfer ever has done well on the U.S. tour or, in fact, anywhere outside Japan. If Jumbo Ozaki, who his off the tee like Nicklaus and hits short irons like your next-door neighbor, were to spend 1974 at Golf 72, in 1975 he could prove a formidable opponent for many American pros. By 1980 he might even win the Japanese Masters Championship at Augusta.

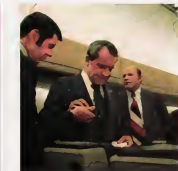
END

United with fellow Americans in the friendly skies last week, President Nixon still had a good word for the Washington Redskins, who ran out of gas—and the playoffs—a few days earlier in Minnesota. "Wasn't it too bad about the Redskins?" he asked the son of a team official during his surprise tour of tourist class. "For a while I thought they were going to pull it out," said the young man. "Well," said the President, finding a silver lining above the clouds, "I thought it was the best of the playoffs."

Just before Christmas the Toronto Maple Leafs hung up their hockey sticks and headed for a rendezvous with Conductor Victor Feldbrill and a performance of Haydn's *Toy Symphony*. Jim McKeen played wooden sticks, Paul Henderson tooted the toy trumpet, Coach Red Kelly blew the whistle, of course, Dave Keen was on triangle, Denis Dapere on wood blocks and Eddie (The Entertainer) Shack on the maracas, whatever they are. "What are you playing?" a woman asked him. "The meringues," he replied, but there was no flying lemon pie in sight. The Leafs were a small smash.

Adolph Rupp, 72-year-old former Kentucky basketball coach, on a trip to Orlando, Fla. made an unscheduled visit to the hospital when a perforated ulcer struck him down. "He hasn't slowed up since he retired," said his wife. Grumbled Rupp from his hospital bed, "I didn't have time for ulcers when I was coaching."

"I can't stop," wailed Mrs. Helen O'Donnell of Birmingham, England, referring to her nightly sessions in bingo parlors. One four-month orgy cost her \$2,000; a dozen years of constant playing eventually cost her the family home. Mrs. O'D. finally decided to see a psychiatrist. It



didn't take. She stopped in at a bingo parlor on the way to her appointment.

During the summer King Olav V of Norway sails, and has been a frequent winner of national and international competitions, but at the first sign of a snowflake he takes to the slopes and tries to leave his weekends free for skiing. He often runs cross-country accompanied only by a one-man police escort who frequently has a hard time keeping up with the tough 70-year-old monarch. Last Easter, when there was not enough snow at his regular winter dwelling in a valley north of Oslo, King Olav had his royal railroad car hitched on to the regular Oslo-Bergen cross-mountain express, then shunted off on a siding at Haugastøl, a desolate mountain station. Happily isolated, skiing buff Olav skied the surrounding mountains all day and retired at night to his unpalatial sleeper.

How does one switch from football to ballet? Ask Julius Whittier, former tight end for the University of Texas and star of last year's Cotton Bowl game. He ap-

peared in Austin's Civic Ballet holiday season production of *The Nutcracker* but had to lose 25 of his 210 pounds—to get his none-too-tight end into the costume.

Is it possible that hockey's Hubert (Pik) Martin of the Chicago Black Hawks has not heard of the current fuel shortage? A pilot who has his own plane, Martin says flying is the ideal way to relax after a couple of tough games. "I get up in the air, turn off the radios, turn on the automatic pilot and I'm at peace with the world." There was nothing about checking the gas gauge, but it's an idea.

Meanwhile Hollywood was doing its own bit in a pinch. Puffing up something called *Cinderella Liberty*, 20th Century Fox staged the "World's First Energy Crisis Premiere"—without klieg lights but with plenty of alternate transportation. Edy Williams arrived atop an elephant, 13-year-old Kirk Calloway mushed in on a dogged pulled by huskies, James Cagney and date trotted up in a horse and buggy, and assorted luminaries ap-

peared briefly on roller skates, tandem bicycle, golf cart and a camel, but oddly no pumpkin. One other oversight: the gaggle of spectators in Westwood was able to see its favorites mount their gas-savers in an adjoining lot, where they had parked their classy fuel-devouring limousines.

After 15 enthusiastic years as a bass fisherman, country and Western singer Merle Haggard decided he wasn't bringing home his share. So last year he began taking lessons from a professional. "He's an old man, 60-something," Haggard crooned. "He's



partly paralyzed now and he's been fishing since he was 13. Just following his instructions I got seven bass in two hours. One important thing I learned: ain't no need to cast more than 30 feet. Any more is an ego trip."

Burning, Punching Marlborough, one of Britain's few female soccer referees, decided that blue air is no atmosphere for a lady, and is retiring from officiating at schoolboy matches. "I can't stand the swearing anymore," said the 38-year-old mother of four. "It's enough to make a sergeant-major blush." Damn!

A vital victory refuels the Motor City

Dick Vitale, a rookie college coach but a recruiting demon, took the University of Detroit job without even seeing the gym. Now his fightin' Titans are eight-game winners and champions of their hometown tournament

His name is Dick Vitale (rhymes with "Hi, pal") and he is the new basketball coach for the University of Detroit's fightin' Titans (known in *Romulus* and *River Rouge* and other car-making places as UD). He is blind in his left eye and the eye tends to drift to the side, making it seem that while he is talking to you he is also looking over your shoulder at some prize recruit in the distance. And maybe he is, because Dick Vitale has the reputation of being an energetic, persistent, hellacious recruiter.

The first time anybody had seriously to wrestle with the pronunciation of his name was in 1970 when Hi Pal won the first of two state championships while coaching East Rutherford (N.J.) High School, helped immeasurably by the presence of a 6'10" center named Les Cason. Later, as an assistant at Rutgers, he got most of the credit for bringing in

Brooklyn hotshot Phil Sellers, going into Bedford-Stuyvesant at night, alone, and not even collecting hazardous-duty pay.

Just how good a college coach Vitale is remains to be seen, but he is not off to a bad start. Detroit beat Michigan, which was fun, and then, before a big crowd in Cobo Arena, slapped by Michigan State after being down by five points with only a minute and a half left in overtime. Last weekend, led by Boston import Owen Wells and a would-be cytotechnologist named Riley Dotson, Vitale's UD's took Montana State 96-85 and Fairfield 73-65 to win the Motor City Classic and improve their record to 8-1.

The all-Jesuit Detroit-Fairfield final was a reunion of sorts for two coaches who have known each other since less glamorous days in Bergen County, N.J. Ten years ago Vitale and Fairfield's Fred Barakat were coaching eighth-grade teams and decided to get their little kids together for a friendly scrimmage on an outdoor court in the town of Hasbrouck Heights. Vitale and his boys arrived late, piled out of their cars, and who should be among them but a 12-year-old (Cason) who stood 6'7" or 6'8", who could dunk and who scored about 40 of his team's 55 points.

Barakat became a college coach first. In 1966 he went to Assumption, his alma mater, and for the princely salary of \$9,000 served as freshman basketball coach, assistant varsity basketball coach, scout, recruiter, physical-education instructor for 12 classes a week, sports publicist, soccer coach, tennis coach, equipment manager and trainer. Now in his fourth year at Fairfield (which is near Bridgeport, Conn.) he gets more money for less work and, in the parlance of the Xs and Os people, he has "turned the program around." Fairfield had an 18-9 record last season and looked good in the NIT, losing to Virginia Tech, the eventual winner, by one point.

Vitale would seem to be in a job with better potential. Detroit is a big-city

Catholic school similar to Loyola of Chicago, the University of San Francisco, Providence and St. John's—not much campus, nothing very dazzling academically but close to the ghetto playgrounds, and no football to share the attention. In fact, UD's old football stadium has been leveled and the space is used as a parking lot for the held house. Detroit is overrun with basketball players, kids who will be just as good as the Denver Rockets' Ralph Sampson, the Indiana Pacers' Mel Daniels and umpteen other Motowners, including UD heroes Dave DeBusschere and Spencer Haywood.

Vitale would love to tap that well. DeBusschere personally helped him try to recruit a local high school star, Tom LaGarde, a 6'10" straight-A student with white skin, all of which the alumni would have appreciated. But North Carolina stole him away.



FAIRFIELD'S BARAKAT SCORES A POINT



... BUT VITALE WINS WITH OWEN WELLS

Vitale talked himself into the job, suggesting to the interviewing committee that they skip the questions and just let him expound on why they should hire him. They sat back, listened and were convinced. Immediately, he brought in two black assistants and one white and rounded up four top prospects from New York City and Newark. He had taken the job without ever having seen the Titans' gym, and two of his recruits never saw the campus until they arrived to enroll. In addition, Vitale inherited five pretty good players, most notably Wells, a senior who was MVP in the Motor City last year, and Dotson, a sophomore biology major whose choice of a career in cytology (the structure and function of cells) is as mysterious to the coach as the subject itself.

It was no shock last weekend when Detroit and Fairfield reached the final. Fairfield was 5-2, and among its early-season victims were William and Mary and Villanova. Still, the Stags, as they are called, played well only in spurts at Detroit as they edged Central Michigan 69-66. UD was also sloppy in spots while beating Montana State by 11 points. If there was a favorite for the final, it was Fairfield, mostly because of John Ryan's passing and Richie O'Connor's scoring. O'Connor, whose brother is the head coach at Dartmouth, played two years on the Duke varsity and was the team's leading scorer until he quit, transferred to Fairfield and stayed out a year waiting to become eligible.

Detroit had demonstrated its butterfly fingers before the tournament—31 turnovers against Michigan State—but in the championship game Fairfield showed an absolute flair for walking and for throwing errant passes (25 turnovers). Slick passer Ryan got in early foul trouble, Wells and Dotson scored well, and it quickly became apparent that UD had more quickness and depth. The Titans trailed by three points at halftime, shot ahead by 16 points, then relaxed, played sloppily and won by eight.

All sorts of brochures, buttons, place mats and business cards put out by UD were proclaiming "a new era of basketball excitement," and maybe they were right. Certainly Wells was excited when he won his second successive MVP trophy. Certainly Vitale was excited when he earned a technical foul in the first five minutes of the game.

The Titans were not ready yet to chal-

lenge the Red Wings or Pistons as gate attractions, but they had won their 11th Motor City Classic in 22 years and, after nine games, Vitale had a .889 winning percentage as a varsity coach, considerably higher than John Wooden's .752 and Dean Smith's .639. With Minnesota, St. Bonaventure, Marquette, Louisville and other toughies left on the schedule, the Titans could still shrink into Tiny Tims, but chances are they will finish anywhere from 17-9 to 20-6 and get a bid to the National Invitation Tournament, where they could be rematched with Fairfield.

"I'm totally ecstatic," said Vitale in his locker room. "We said a little prayer here after the game, hoping that the new year will bring us happiness and more good health. Maybe we're better than even Dick Vitale thinks." As in Hi, pal.

THE WEEK

by RAY KENNEDY

MIDWEST

Most of the hosts had a better time than their guests in the ever-growing number of year-end tournaments, but Alabama, living it up before beginning the Southeastern Conference season on the road at Vanderbilt and Tennessee, embarrassed Louisville 65-55 in the finals of the Cardinals' new Holiday Classic. The Crimson Tide's defense was the key, holding Wesley Cox and Allen Murphy to 21 points combined, and the presence of Kentucky's SEC champion team in the Freedom Hall audience further inspired Alabama. "We knew they were there," said Guard Ray Odums. "They'll see a lot more of us, too."

The Wildcats should be anxious for any league contest after losing their fourth game of the season the following night to an unbeaten Notre Dame team that is solid muscle. Kentucky is a team without a center and therefore no match for the likes of John Shumate and Adrian Dantley, who scored 25 and 22 points from the inside. When the Wildcats switched to a zone to offset their deficiencies underneath, the Irish's Gary Brokaw burned them for 22 points from the outside. Notre Dame will conserve its considerable strength by playing only once more before meeting UCLA on Jan. 19 at home in South Bend.

In Milwaukee, sixth-ranked Marquette took apart young and dynamic Arizona 76-62 in the semifinals of its co-sponsored annual tournament, but ran into more trou-

ble from co-host Wisconsin. The Warriors, who have not lost to Wisconsin since 1969, needed two overtimes to get past the Badgers in last year's title game. This time they were only slightly more efficient. A jumpshot by reserve Jerry Homan saved the game, 49-48, in a single overtime.

Missouri, which has finished second in the Big Eight three years in a row, won its third straight conference tournament in extremely unorthodox fashion. Supposedly crippled by graduation this year, the Tigers had 30 turnovers against conference favorite Oklahoma, were outshot by five baskets against Colorado and trailed Iowa State by 12 points in the first half, yet somehow beat all three teams. A seldom-used 6'11" center, Gail Wolf, brought Missouri back against the Cyclones in the championship game by scoring 14 second-half points, only one point fewer than he recorded all last year.

The big boys from Long Beach State ran their record to 9-1 by beating two of the nation's toughest small college teams, Assumption and Evansville, 84-61 and 75-67 in the Evansville Invitational. Freshman Cliff Pondexter was named Most Valuable Player. In non-tournament action, Ohio University defeated Ohio State 84-79 behind Walter Luckett's 23 points. Northwestern freshman Billy McKinney hit five of six shots at the start of the second half to sink St. Joseph's of Indiana 83-65. The victory was the Wildcats' fifth of the season, matching their entire 1972-73 output.

1. NOTRE DAME (7-0) 2. MARQUETTE (8-0)

EAST

St. John's, no great surprise, made it into the finals of the E.C.A.C. Holiday Festival in Madison Square Garden for a record sixth time, and back as the Redmen's leader was Lou Carnesecca, who had deserted them for three years to coach the pro Nets. The team had managed to mask its decided lack of height with a combination of speed, shooting and ball handling, and it beat Jacksonville twice and Alabama once and, in the tournament, Illinois and Princeton. But then it met old rival Manhattan, a club it had not played in 11 years because Manhattan had wearied of losing. This time, though, the Jaspers were ready with the ingredient St. John's lacked—height. Manhattan opened in a 1-3-1 zone designed to shut off the outside shooting of Kevin Chuss and Mel Udley and never had to abandon it as 6'10" strong man Bill Campion took care of the middle on defense and scored 19 points in a 74-65 triumph. He was named MVP.

Canius' Larry Fogle, a transplant from Southwestern Louisiana and the nation's leading scorer, had a magnificent night against George Washington, scoring 31 points, 21 of them on free throws, and getting 21 rebounds. The Golden Griffins won the opening game of the Queen City Invi-

tational in Buffalo 100-89, and watching the performance was Coach Bill Foster of UNC-Charlotte, who forthwith announced his strategy for the final: "We are going to play Fogle straight up, stand in front of him and hope we get some charging calls," he said. The plan worked.

Gooff Hemmer stood still as Fogle made his rushes to the basket, and by the end of the first half Fogle was playing with three fouls against him. He drew a fourth early in the second half. Although he finished the game and scored 33 points, he was forced away from the offensive boards and Charlotte won handily 99-83.

Massachusetts ran its record to 8-0 by beating St. Peter's 82-67, winning the Hall of Fame Classic in Springfield, Mass.

1. PROVIDENCE (8-2) 2. SYRACUSE (7-1)

SOUTH Forced to play without Tom McMillen, whose father died, Maryland looked to Len Elmore to take up the slack. The tall center, who warned future opponents a month ago that they would have to suffer for his team's disappointing one-point loss to UCLA, kept his promise by scoring 28 points and grabbing 16 rebounds in a 102-75 rout of Holy Cross in the first round of the Maryland Invitational. The Terrapins disposed of Boston College 58-37 in the finals.

Another UCLA victim, N.C. State, as determined to reinvent itself as Maryland, took the Sugar Bowl tournament in grand style. David Thompson, cool against the Uclans, pumped in 60 points in easy-riding victories over Villanova and talented Memphis State. North Carolina warmed up for this week's Big Four showdown (State, Wake Forest and Duke) in Greensboro with a laughter in Miami. The Heels worked over Biscayne College 112-72, but to show he meant no disrespect Coach Dean Smith used 16 players and finished the three-plate game with an all-freshman unit.

Back in Charlotte, where Smith's freshmen might have warmed the bench, Miami of Ohio, if not world beaters at least because Syracuse beaters. They spoiled the Orange-men's perfect 6-0 record 96-74 despite 34 points from Dennis David. But then the Redskins were beaten themselves, by Davidson, 97-87.

Vanderbilt returned from Christmas vacation a bit sluggish but quickly remembered what its success story was all about. The Commodore defense surrounded helpless Vermont in the second half, producing 10 steals in all, a 91-56 victory and a dandy 8-0 Vandy mark.

Everyone agreed that it would be defending champion Jacksonville against Western Kentucky in the Gator Bowl, and indeed it was—in the consolation round. Underdog Florida, unable to qualify its football team

for the Gator Bowl, settled for a sneakish basketball championship, first wiping out a 19-point deficit against Jacksonville and winning 64-62, then thumping Duke 77-60 in the final. Said Jacksonville's badly disappointed Coach Bob Gottlieb, "One of the great sicknesses and tragedies of college basketball is that cheating can control the outcome of a game."

There is only one thing to say about Clemson's Wayne Rollins: simply that he is intimidating. The 7'1" freshman now has blocked 46 shots in his first nine games and the Tigers, 7-2, are off to their best start in 38 years. Against Furman and its own giant, Fawcett Leonard, in the finals of the Pompetta Classic, Rollins turned in eight blocks, five of them on Leonard. He also had 12 points and 12 rebounds, did a superlative defensive job and earned MVP honors. "They said Fawcett [who is from Columbus] was the best big man ever to come out of Georgia," said Rollins, from Cordele. "Everyone has always said he was better than I am and I had the chance to prove a point." The score was 75-67.

Riding high after conquering Memphis State, Western Kentucky and Wake Forest in a pre-Christmas week, Coach Hugh Durham of Florida State said his team had enjoyed "the best regular-season week in school history." It immediately followed with one of its poorer weeks. The Seminoles lost to 1-5 Indiana State 93-92 in the first game of the Bear Classic at Mercer, then barely survived Wisconsin-Milwaukee 84-82 in the consolation. "We are tired," said Durham after the Seminoles' sixth game in 14 days. Mercer was wide awake, winning the final over Indiana State 75-68. Austin Peay said, "Bah, humbug." And didn't play at all.

1. N.C. (7-0) 2. MARYLAND (6-1)

WEST With the century mark still 17 victories away, it was tough for UCLA students to get up for the biennial Bruin Classic; after all, UCLA only wins it every other year. Fortunately, beneath the golden neon of McDonald's on Westwood Boulevard near the campus, an ever-enterprising owner came up with an idea to spur excitement and incidentally to sell a billion or two more burgers. When UCLA scores between 90 and 99 points, the gentleman decreed, every student with a valid I.D. and a ticket stub from that game gets a free hamburger. The higher the score, the more food, including French fries. Thus the disappointment was wholly understandable when the Bruins trounced Wyoming by only 86-58. Student appetites were sated a bit the next night, though, when Gavin Smith made an otherwise unnecessary free throw as UCLA yawned past Michigan 90-70.

There was no such gimmick at the Far West Classic, now any needed. Seventh-

ranked Indiana managed only 18 points in the first half, then lost to Oregon State 61-48 in one of the young season's big upsets. "I'm not at all certain that they aren't just a flat better team than we are," said Hoosier Coach Bobby Knight. If State is, then Washington is better still. The Huskies took Oregon State 65-56 while Indiana came back to smother Oregon 58-47.

In a farther west classic, Honolulu's Rain-bow, Hawaii slipped past Purdue 76-67 after the well-coached Benfermakers had disposed of Providence 93-85. The Friars won fifth place when Kevin Stacom hit for 28 points in a runaway against Washington State.

Southern Cal, new 9-1, slammed the door on Oral Roberts' scoring express to take a 96-75 victory and the championship of the All College Tournament in Oklahoma City. Houston, off to its worst start in years (3-3), gained third place from Rutgers, whose tournament MVP Phil Sellers scored 101 points in three games.

Nevada-Las Vegas won five home games within two weeks, blasting Northern Illinois 114-92 and overcoming Virginia 77-72 to cash in on its own holiday classic. Trailing by eight points, the Rebels held Virginia to just one basket in the last 7:22 of play and freshman Eddie Owens sank five free throws at the last minute.

Unbeaten New Mexico jumped out to an 18-1 lead over Minnesota in the Lobo Invitational when Gopher Coach Bill Musselman was thrown out of the game with his third technical, the last two flagrant, meaning New Mexico was awarded two free throws for each. Norm Ellenberger's Lobos made all four and then rolled up a 102-68 score.

Utah, which begins its conference schedule this week at New Mexico, bombed Montana State 110-86 as Luther (Tacky) Burden got 32 points in 32 minutes. The Utes then smothered Idaho. Ahead 68-35 by halftime, they let the reserves take over for most of the second half. Final score: 116-79.

"Hey, one in a row," said Pepperdine Coach Gary Colson facetiously when the Waves had beaten Portland 70-49 after losing five of their first six games. "Golly, you're kidding me," he continued, reading the statistics on sophomore Forward Dick Skophammer. "Twenty-four rebounds, 32 points. What a game!" The alert Skophammer slipped in for 31 layups while Pepperdine's usual top scorer, Allen Jones, was tallying only 12 points. Watching his old team from the stands was William (Bird) Averitt, the nation's leading scorer last year at 33.9 points per game, who could have made the Waves a contender for the WCAC championship had he not signed a pro contract with the San Antonio Spurs. His current ABA average is 6.8.

1. UCLA (8-0) 2. LONG BEACH (5-1)



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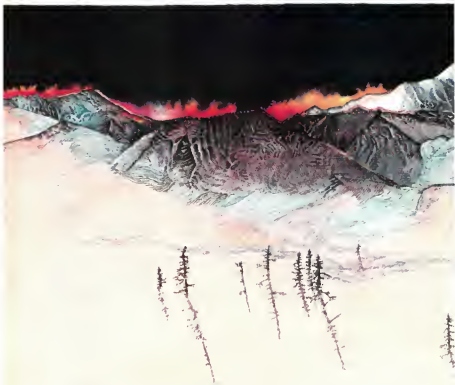
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COLD TRAIL INTO



ADVENTURE

by WILLIAM JOHNSON



Far out on Alaska's frontier the two strangers faced some icy new challenges—not to mention caribou sausage, ski treks to nowhere, cranberry liqueur, and the igloo that wouldn't stay put

The sum of cross-country skiing is traveling the trackless. It is a pursuit of happiness without profit motive or machinery, a gentle quest for serenity in chaos. One seeks fresh places, spacious places. One seeks hills with no barbed wire, woods where no engines can be heard, unwinked blankets of snow. One seeks another planet. One seeks—Alaska.

The two tenderfeet from a town in upstate New York arrive in Anchorage late in the winter. Though both of them are absolute cheechakos by Alaskan standards (the modern-day use of the term refers to anyone who has not wintered up there), the two New Yorkers are not utter dum-mies when it comes to cross-country skiing. They have glided many idyllic miles through orchards of twisted pear trees and bare vineyards in their own home countryside. They have skied the gray woods of the Catskill Mountains and trekked on snowy banks above the cement plants that scar the Hudson River shore.

The cheechakos are not tyros. However, it is true that when they ski they are accustomed to the whine of chain saws, barking dogs, the grashing of garbage-can covers in the distance. They are accustomed to the sight of houses, ice-cream stands, mailboxes and antique stores. They have long ago perfected techniques for climbing fences and crossing paved roads on skis.

Still, it must be said that even cross-country skiing past billboarded barns and sign-posted trees is not entirely lacking in spiritual resuscitation. Even with a cement plant lurking at the corner of an eye, the cross-country ski addict's heart sings and his spirit is fixed by the chance to stride on any carpet of new snow.

But no upstate apple orchard comes close to Alaska's Chugach Mountain Range, which is forbidding and bleak, nor is the Hudson River any match for Cook Inlet and Turnagain Arm, those black sleeves of water that reach into Alaska from the north Pacific Ocean.

The New York visitors are smitten from the start by Alaska as they fly into Anchorage at sunset one evening. The elder of the two, an excitable 42-year-old who is overblown in his enthusiasms, sees the Chugach peaks for the first time, a row of great somber teeth ringing Anchorage, and he says reverently, "Good Lord, it is a dreamscape. The summits of the moon. The peaks of Eden. The mountains of Zeus."

The younger cheechako, who is 13 and not so caught by the intimations of mortality, says, "It's really cool."

At the airport they are met by a tall, rawboned, talkative fellow. His skin is tanned and seamed from the brief Arctic sun; his stride is strong and obviously he has covered much muskeg in summer, lots of snowy tundra in winter. He has a confident smile, a relaxed swagger; here, clearly, is a man who is skookam (knowledgeable). The name is Mike Hershberger, a native of Reno who came to Anchorage 10 years ago. Just into his 40s, he is jack of myriad trades and pastimes: a professional fishing guide (his brochures described him modestly as "The Fisherman"), pilot, biweekly columnist for the *Anchorage Daily News*, former Marine Corps survival instructor, failed poet, holder of a Master's degree in English from Kansas University, local figure-skating judge, tackle-store proprietor, originator of

the Dame Juliana Berners Fly Fysshynge Association, president of the Anchorage Hunters and Fishermen Association and—most significant for this day—tour director of the Anchorage Nordic Ski Club.

Mike Hershberger grins at the newcomers. They are standing outside the terminal with their suitcases, gawking at Alaska like a couple of apple knockers just off the bus in New York City, agog at the sense of brute nature all around. They are clumsy in its presence. And so there arises something of the hayseed-city slicker relationship between them and skookam Mike Hershberger. It may not have been the first thing Mike says to them or even the second, but he is a consummate talker and soon enough he says, "Say, have either of you ever had a drink cooled with glacier ice?" The visitors shake their heads numbly; their eyes, shining, are fixed on him, and Hershberger says easily, "Nothing like it, fellas. Glacier ice is so concentrated it'll sit in a drink and never melt all night long. That is, if the drink lasts all night long."

Hershberger waits a while, then says, temptingly, "Ever eaten caribou sausage? It's like candy, not a bit gummy because caribou feed on moss and lichen all winter." The newcomers are very still. They swallow together and gaze in mute adoration at Mike Hershberger. He says, "Ever drunk homemade lowbush cranberry liqueur on a mountainside? Like nectar of the gods. Ever built your own igloo for a night in the bush? It's like snoozing in your own living room. Ever take a drink of whiskey at 40 below? I guess not. You'd be dead on the spot, because the stuff turns to ice the minute it hits your gizzard and you'd be stabbed to death with an icicle down your innards. Ever seen a glacier worm? Sure, they exist . . . little squimpy things scientists find on the ice . . ."

Possibly Mike Hershberger does not really loose such a waterfall of Alaskan lore and outdoor trivia right there at the airport. But, as they would recall it later, the visitors were hooked, convinced for all time as they stood there on the first brink of the Last Frontier in the U.S. that Mike



Hershberger showed himself to be an extra special friend, a truly splendid man who might possibly even know as much about wild Alaska as any ancient Indian chief.

Weekly, the newcomers trailed Mike out of the airport, determined to follow him to the deepest lair of the fiercest glacier worm.

Alaskans refer to everywhere beyond their own state as "Outside"—as if they were somehow living in somewhere snug and warm. They are not. Alaska is a frozen, brooding place in winter, God's own meat locker. The place is scarcely settled at all, with one person for every two square miles. So chill and bitter is the soil that sometimes the mountain timberline ends no more than a few hundred feet up from sea level. The rugged land is inhabited mostly by graceful caribou and clumsy moose wallowing neck deep in drifts, by bears, porcupines and furry-footed ptarmigans, by seals and large ravens that flap and squawk like sinister black roosters in the bare boughs of trees.

The Chugach Mountains that ring Anchorage rise in steep leaps directly out of the waters of Cook Inlet and Turnagain Arm. Both names were coined in dark circumstances: the inlet was named after Captain James Cook, who first charted those waters in the summer of 1778—the last place he explored before he returned to Hawaii five months later to be murdered on a sunny beach by angry natives. Turnagain Arm was so called because Cook's expedition sailed ever deeper into its 48-mile length in the enthusiastic assumption that they had, at last, found the legendary Northwest Passage of water between the Atlantic and the Pacific. When they were finally blocked by the wall of mountains at the end, they dispiritedly turned again. The waters of Cook Inlet and Turnagain Arm are steel gray and filled with ice cakes when the tide is in; when it is out, the bottom is revealed and blocks of blackened ice stand littered across the broad trough like crude Neanderthal statuary.

On clear days Mount McKinley's regal 20,320-foot peak peers at Anchorage from 187 miles away across a ripple of mountain ranges. Anchorage is not much to peer at, a new town built on mud flats along Ship Creek with a plastic box skyline of motels built in hopes of an oil boom. The population of Greater Anchorage is 126,300, far the largest city in Alaska. The city lies 350 miles south of the Arctic Circle, 1,500 miles north of Seattle, 3,500 miles east of Tokyo and barely east and 2,800 miles north of Honolulu.

Anchorage has almost no history at all, no legends, little charm. In 1915 the town was laid out in grids, a repetitious though efficient set of intersecting right angles. Even the street names are from geometry: there is no Klondike Kate Street, no Evil Alice Avenue, no Sourdough Lane, only A, B, C, D, E, F Streets intersecting with First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth Avenues, and on and on. The oldest building in town was put up in 1915. It was a general-store owner's house and today it is a good restaurant, a warm and homey refuge with lacy tablecloths and a walk-in closet where you can hang up your sheepskin coat and take off your galoshes. It is called Myrtle's Club Twenty-Five.

Winter in Alaska is hard. It is only fully light from 9:30 a.m. until 2:30 p.m. in December and January. Bizarre moods prevail throughout the land. Perhaps it is the worst in the tiny villages isolated out in the bush. Suicides are common and constant. Drunkenness from December until April is not unusual; whole towns do it. Odd and vicious feuds develop. In the village of Wiseman (pop. 6) the population became divided in anger one winter; one faction took its vengeance against the other by perpetrating what is perhaps the most dastardly of all tricks known to men living far from civilization: they hid the mail.

Even in bustling Anchorage there is a desperate quality to the winter, a frantic search to find something to do. There are bowling leagues that meet at 4 a.m., curling competitions at 4 or 5 a.m. and many marathon bridge tournaments. Sometimes the old city dump is as warm with snowmobiles cruising happily over snow-covered humps of garbage, the dump is the only place within the city limits where snow machines are permitted. There are five-mile snowshoe races and 1,000-mile dog sled races. Mount Alyeska, a good bald-mountain ski area 35 miles down the road from Anchorage, sometimes has weekend lift lines more than an hour long, literally hundreds of Alaskans queued up five and six abreast to force some recreation—any recreation—into the dark days of midwinter.

But best of all, there is the Anchorage Nordic Ski Club, an organization that has 1,800 members—the largest of its kind in the U.S., it is thought. As Mike Hershberger sums up the whole thing, "We have nine months of winter up here and people got to have something to keep busy. They'll join anyway."

The Anchorage Nordic Ski Club is not just anything, of course. Not only is it large, active and full of good sports, it has its own song. The tune lies somewhere between *On Wisconsin* and a Tlingit Indian war chant:

*We are the Nordic skiers of Alaska.
We wear our knickers down below our knees.
We don't sit in a bar at Alyeska.
We're on the trail and running on our skis.
Now we don't need a pair of fancy downhill.
Or boots that cost \$100 a pair.
All we need is fortitude and courage.
And a dang good pair of legs to get you there.*

The cheechakos find that the company of Mike Hershberger continues to be full of lore and information. They are out sking with him their first afternoon, near dusk in a section of thin woods at the edge of Anchorage. Twisting trails, laid by the cross-country ski club, take them through a woodland that is silent and wild even though they are less than a mile from a split-level development. They ski easily. Mike talks of many things.

"The Alaska state flower is the forget-me-not. It should be reindeer moss. That'd be perfect. The state bird is a willow ptarmigan. . . . Ever seen a porcupine trail in the snow? There's one, looks like one track from a snowmobile, doesn't it. . . . I once saw a porcupine migration crossing a highway in Wyoming. The sands of the little buggers. . . . I also once saw a migration of tarantulas across a road

continued

in Nevada . . . got slippery as melted butter. . . ."

They glide through the forest, gazing at the Arctic moss hanging from the trees, watching for wild animals—a bear, an elk, a moose.

"Ever hunt moose? They stand still in the woods, hardly ever move, it's like shooting a two-story house. They're fierce, though, if they have calves. Most dangerous animal in the woods with a calf . . . moose meat is good eating though. . . . A friend of mine uses a chain saw to clean and dress the moose he shoots. He drains out the motor oil and puts in Mazola for lubrication so the meat doesn't taste like petroleum. Takes about half the time with a chain saw that it would with a knife and hatchet. . . ."

It is a relaxing trip. The sun is beginning to set and the snow is turning pale yellow, the shadows deep lavender. There are a couple of hills to climb. The older cheechako breaks a slight sweat. Mike Hershberger is at ease, certainly not short of breath.

"Know what a fool hen is? A fool hen is so dumb it'll sit in a tree and won't move no matter what. Cross-country skiers have been known to tie a rope noose on a ski pole and pluck a fool hen right out of a tree. . . . I have a friend who's a taxidermist and his name is Hunter Fisher—Hunter Fisher, can you believe it? He has a state permit for dressing moose killed by cars along the highways. He cleans 'em and brings the meat to orphanages and hospitals. . . . There's hardly any land left to buy in Alaska anymore. The sheiks of Kuwait have been moving in and they own something like 60% of all the unsettled lands left . . . for oil exploitation, I guess. . . ."

The cheechakos are smitten by this dazzling stream of miscellaneous facts pouring from Mike. "He knows everything," gasps the younger one. And so it seems as the ski trails wind on and on in the dusk.

"Hundreds of Eskimos cross the ice illegally from Siberia every year to visit with their relatives in the U.S. Kind of Eskimo wetbacks—'icebacks,' you might say. . . . Skis were never much use in Alaska except for recreation. The trappers used snowshoes or dogsleds and the gold miners couldn't work in the winter anyway. To pan for gold you had to put your hands in water and if you did that in winter—forget it, you're dead. . . . Evil Alice was a public health nurse in Anchorage during World War II. Her job was checking prostitutes for disease. She wasn't really evil at all. . . . You know what the very best cold-weather mukluks are? Human urine-cured sealskin mukluks. Sunshine Tuckfield, an Eskimo lady in Point Hope, makes the best of all. They're great when it's cold, but when it's warm—watch out. Phew! They can find you in the movies if you're wearing a pair of urine-cured mukluks, I'll tell you. Actually, most people buy rubber-soled mukluks made here in Anchorage by Mexicans and Japanese. . . ."

Mike Hershberger and companions glide out of the woods in the gloaming. The weather is warm, about 28°, and the sky is hazy. There have been moose tracks everywhere along the trail, deep half-moon dents in the snow. But they have not seen a moose—or even a fool hen this day. Still, the sking was exhilarating, and the educational aspects of the afternoon overwhelming.

That night the New Yorkers have dinner at Myrtle's Club

Twenty-Five and they ask for moose meat, though it is not on the menu. They are told that, no, it is illegal to sell the meat of wild animals in Alaska. They speak lazily of cabbages and kings, of moose meat and fool hens and Sunshine Tuckfield.

It is morning in Alaska, a clean day, bright and light blue. There is Mount McKinley gazing at Anchorage from across the wilds. The cheechakos are up at 6 a.m., the older one proudly pulling on a pair of newly purchased knickers, the younger stubbornly sticking with blue jeans, disdaining knickers as being ostentatious and uncool.

Mist is rising off Cook Inlet, and the Chugach peaks are peach colored in the sunrise as the two leave their hotel and head for the Anchorage railroad station. This is to be a once-a-year occasion for Alaskans, a once-a-lifetime for the upstate New Yorkers: a train leased by the Anchorage Nordic Ski Club is climbing to Trail Glacier this morning, a magnificent lonely place high in the mountains along the rail line between Anchorage and Seward. At no other time of the winter is the glacier accessible to cross-country skiers unless they make a hard and dangerous overland trek of 80 miles or more; today more than a thousand enthusiasts are going to make the trip—civilization transported for a day to a pristine place.

The station, a gloomy sprawling heap, is almost empty when the cheechakos arrive. No train, few people, stillness. Soon the train rolls in, a sparkling blue and yellow caravan of two dozen cars, oddly enough a kind of sprightly, fun-looking railroad. This is perhaps even more odd because the Alaskan Railroad is owned and operated by the Federal Government, the only one of its kind in the U.S. The conductors are smiling, courteous fellows and the newcomers, accustomed to the cheerful mien of trammens around New York City, stand in awe. One conductor has a pair of splendid thick sideburns like a pair of red squirrels' tails, and through his smiles he says that 1,096 tickets have been sold for the morning's trek into the wilds. He seems happy when the crowd begins to cluster on the cobblestone apron by the tracks, almost gaily boosting children up the steps into the train, joyously hoisting up skis and rucksacks for awkward arrivals. He makes the morning even brighter than it is.

Soon the station is swarming with skiers, a mixture of suburban matrons and bearded collegians, scrubbed children in snowsuits and crew-cut Air Force men in knickers, grizzled old fellows who might be latter-day sourdoughs but are probably life insurance agents. The train rumbles out of the station precisely on time. Every seat is filled. There are children frolicking along the corridors and in the vestibules between cars. Newspapers are opened, Thermos jugs uncapped. Soon the entire train settles into a kind of Saturday morning coffee klatch with clear echoes of suburbia all around. The talk tends to drift toward children's arithmetic problems and the price of onions, to the state of potholes in the roads and the cost of car repairs. The New Yorkers are bent upon a once-in-a-lifetime experience, however, and they do not find that gossip along the back fences of Anchorage meets their expectations this morning. They drift to the vestibule between two cars



where the window is open and the sweet icy air runs freely.

The train route, about 75 miles, runs down the length of Turnagain Arm, which is resplendent in the brilliance of the day, then up fairly steep grades into the mountains and glaciers of the Alaskan interior. The tracks are usually closed all winter, except when they are cleaned for certain freight shipments between Anchorage and Seward and, for today, the only passenger train to make the run in winter.

The cheechakos are exalted, their eyes glistening with tears in the cold and their faces turning ruddy. They are watching out the open windows for wildlife, specifically moose, along the way. They are optimistic. They have been told that this train is known as the Moose Goose and, now, as it begins its ascent from the end of Turnagain, they are full of expectations. Suddenly the train slows, halts jerkily, and the word runs back through the cars like a telegraph line that there is a moose on the track. The cheechakos lean out the window to peer ahead. They see nothing. No moose. No goose. The train starts up again.

Then, 10 miles or so along, another electric current runs through the train, a message: there are moose off the starboard side. The strangers stare and—yes—they are there. Perhaps eight or 10 of them. They are churning in obvious terror in deep snow, up to their massive necks in the stuff, galloping along with hooves swimming six feet under the surface. Their majestic-ugly heads, familiar from a thou-

sand barroom walls, are leaping ahead, their antler racks tossing about like crazy furniture above the snow. It is a frantic picture, a moose's nightmare.

Soon the moose are behind. The visitors continue to gaze, spellbound, at the mountains beyond the tracks. They are climbing steadily now and the train clatters through a number of tunnels braced with beams thick as a man's waist. In some places the mountains rise like sheer walls from the edge of the tracks.

The conductor comes through the train, smiling between his squirreltails and says gently, "Got to close the window, boys, in case we get hit by an avalanche. We don't want no one struck flat with a hundred tons of snow, now do we?" No, we do not.

The visitors stand meekly behind glass for a time, two pop-eyed New York fish in an Alaskan aquarium.

The crowd poured off the train into the fresh snow; the winter province of ravens and ermine and bears now filled with wives carrying Thermoses, of blonde children, of IBM men in lederhosen. The blue and yellow train is toylike in the sun and there is an oompah band tootling, tubas and trombones catching the reflection of mountains in their glistening brass.

Along the tracks the crowd teems as at a subway station,

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a scene of commuters from civilization to the wilderness. The New Yorkers look at each other, narrowly. Here they are, in God's own emptiness, thousands of miles from the nearest skyscraper, where there cannot be found a total of one million people within 2,000 miles in any direction. Yet here is a bigger crowd than they had ever seen cross-country skiing at one time in the Catskills, which are within 200 miles of 25 million people.

Slowly the crowd unknots and begins to unravel along the tracks in both directions, down the banks toward the flat lake surface. Some sprint boldly, others tumble in the snow like kittens, some swoop out toward Trail Glacier as if they are being chased by a bear. Soon, from the tram above the valley leading to the glacier, there can be seen dozens, hundreds of skiers, tiny in size like ants, busily crisscrossing the lake's surface, vanishing into the woods, squirting between trees. The cheechakos and Mike Hershberger and a lawyer named Walter Cardwell, a native of Texas, tool easily down the bank in a shallow traverse, quickly cross the lake, stride rapidly into a woods, out the other side, past a gurgling creek, past a porcupine's trail and—most importantly—past hundreds of other skiers who have strung out like a great colorful length of string along routes leading toward the glacier. In some places the skiers are backed up like Sunday traffic, waiting for the fallen to rise and let everyone go freely.

Eventually, the Hershberger group moves ahead of the lines. Many from the train simply disperse into the trees and trails and disappear. Not many continue the drive to the glacier but the cheechakos do—this is why they are here—and soon they have covered two miles, three perhaps, and they are swinging along the floor of a flat white valley. High on each side are blunt peaks and precipices and—ahead, at the end of the valley spilling down between the low summits and rocks and plunging snow drifts—is the glacier. It is a majestic sight, rolling out of eternity as it has for who only knows how many millions of years, wheeling beneath its cream-smooth surface such force as can crush boulders into loam and grind deep canyons out of cloud-high mountains. Once upon a time, that is; Trail Glacier is now in a suspended state, no longer quite alive, no longer insuperable in its strength to shape the planet.

The small party stops to rewash. Mike Hershberger passes around a chunk of reindeer sausage, brown and sweet. The older visitor opens a bottle of Beaujolais and hands it around. Walter, the lawyer from Texas, squints at the crystalline bowl overhead and breathes in a mighty lungful of the biting air of eternity and takes another swig of the wine and sighs a sigh. He says, "I cannot remember at any time in my life a day that was better than this one."

The cheechakos and friends ski to the spilling-buttermilk base of the glacier, then climb into the cool violet shadows, up several hundred yards, steep enough to herringbone. They do not climb to the top but well up onto perfect snows beyond the middle. They stand there and look back, down across the long valley floor from whence they came. More than a thousand people here? Crowds on the snow of this beautiful desolation? Of course not. There are a few people moving about in sight. The crisscross signs of tracks in the snow show there have been more. But nature has swallowed

up the sense of civilization's presence already, smothered the crowd's talk and made the encroachers invisible in the immensity of the mountains, the brilliance of the snow.

"Where are the glacier worms?" asks the younger cheechako.

"You see them mostly in the morning," says Mike Hershberger. He laughs. Everyone seems exultant, high on the ecstasies of the steep. Mike bellows into the crystal air over the four or five miles back to the tram: "Hey! Hey! Everyone! We're waxing with peanut butter and jelly today!" Then he laughs some more.

The party sips more wine before riding the glacier snows down, floating through the soft stuff, buoyant as if they are surfing some understanding wave. They sun themselves again for a while on the glacier lip, then sprint back across the valley. The snow turns steadily to a warmer yellow, then toward amber, then to a subtle russet pink in the later afternoon. They cross the darkening valley, stride through the woods, across the open lake and up the bank again to the tram. In deepening lights it leaves for Anchorage promptly at 5 p.m. It is filled to the baggage racks with a population of flushed and perfect people.

Now it is a pewter-colored day. The visitors are up early once more, heading out of Anchorage and down the Turnagain Arm highway in a car with Mike Hershberger and another skier, a kinetic woman named Judy Spivey. They are bound for an overnight trip into the mountains beyond the tip of the Arm, a cross-country ski adventure to be capped, it is hoped, by spending the night on the mountainside in an igloo of their own construction.

They are not going into the bush with the tough old gold prospectors' hard and meager provisions, a ragged blanket and a flat-sized chunk of sourdough to make bread. No, indeed. They have goosedown sleeping bags, cameras, a banquet of food. As Mike says, "This is the steak and strawberry shortcake excursion. We aim to please." The New Yorkers are a trifle embarrassed by the sense of luxury about their camp in the mountains, but they do not complain. It is only for one night and as the older one says, "There's nothing wrong with a little strawberry shortcake in the woods, just as long as it's skookum strawberry shortcake."

In addition to the strawberry shortcake they have brought steak, onion soup, croissants and breakfast bacon, the makings for French toast, a couple of bottles of wine, some apricot brandy, a half-pint of Chivas Regal Scotch and a container of homemade lowbush cranberry liqueur. This last is a miracle drink, tart-sweet, and when it is tipped and carefully rolled about the tongue and then swallowed while relaxed high on the side of a silent mountain as a few snowflakes float down—well, at such a time it seems as if lowbush cranberry liqueur were something mixed by Merlin to cure all modern maladies. Mike, of course, has the recipe for lowbush cranberry liqueur ready at tongue tip:

"On the first day, pick the cranberries. On the second day, rest. On the third day, grind three quarts of cranberries and set in a cool place for 24 hours. On the fourth day, pour one fifth of 180-proof Everclear into the ground ber-

ries and set aside for another 24 hours. On the fifth day, sieve and strain the berries. Boil five cups of sugar in three cups of water for five minutes. Let the sugar and water get very, very cold. Mix the berries and water, then bottle in stone jugs. Age three weeks. Drink on mountainside glaciers and beside icy cold streams . . .

Mike is in a communicative mood today. "You cannot make a mistake in Alaska in the winter. It means death. When it's 30 below zero, you can freeze something and never know it. I've had my hands so cold I broke into sores when they thawed out. You never know. A little boy I knew of forgot his overshoes in school and walked one mile from the bus stop to his house in his oxford shoes. Both feet froze and had to be cut off. Alaska kills the innocent. You can die of thirst in winter because your body sweats and you can't get enough moisture back into it. . . ."

Well, it is not below zero today (more like 30 above) and no one in this bunch is going to die of thirst. No, indeed. At last they arrive at the foot of their mountain. They are in a parking lot filled with cars, trailers and—sad to say—snowmobiles. There is a raucous roar all around, riders of the iron dog are at play everywhere. The place is labeled SNOW PLAY AREA and Mike explains that one side of the road is set aside for snow machines, the other for skiers—"and never the twain shall meet," he adds fervently.

Hastily, the newcomers and friends shrug into their packs and cross the road to where the skiers play. It is about noon, the snow is thick and sticky, there are only half a dozen skiers in sight, scattered over a couple of miles of mountain above, and Mike decides on purple wax with an overlay of red under the bindings. They begin their climb up the mountain. It is called Tin Can Mountain, no one knows quite why, although there is a Tin Can Creek at its base. Though it is bleak, there is promise in the climb ahead and Mrs. Spewey, Mr. Hershberger and the New Yorkers begin to ascend, leisurely, easily, up a small knoll that is crisscrossed by skiers, then over a flat area, up some more past a growth of tamarack trees, on and on upward toward the place where the Tin Can peak meets the tin-can-colored sky.

Because of the sticky snow, the climb is quite easy; the skis don't slip backward. The packs are nicely balanced, not heavy. The older cheechako is humming *Winter Wonderland*, a song from his youth. The younger is whistling something tuneless. Judy Spewey is chirping delightedly in anticipation of the day, the climb up Tin Can, the igloo, the strawberry shortcake. "Isn't it great? Isn't it terrific?" she says. And Mike. . . .

"There are about 15,000 polar bears in Alaska. People used to shoot about 300 a year. It's a fiction that bears sleep all winter. They're up and around by now. There's still gold in these hills. It hasn't been feasible to mine it, too expensive. But there are new ways now and there could be a new gold rush up here. . . . Do you know that the cost of living in Alaska is 148% what it is Outside?"

Snow packs onto the skis and they must stop to scrape it off. They munch fresh snow and a handful of raisins. Mike passes around the lowbush cranberry liqueur.

"If you mix a little crowsberry juice with this it gives a rich purple color to the liqueur, esthetically very nice. . . ."

They climb some more, the packs still only comfortable

weights; the snow remains thick as porridge and fine for climbing. Steadily upward; they have been on Tin Can for two hours now and are able to look back down across the valley they drove up. Then they reach another point where Hershberger stops.

"Yep, this is the place. We dug a snow cave here a month ago, Cory as a house. You dig into a snow bank, make a little corridor, then turn and hollow out a room. With benches for sleeping. It was 35 below outside, but it was above zero inside and a couple of candles made it snug as could be. . . ."

Mike had left a light snow shovel there on his last trip and now he digs into a mound that looks like several hundred other mounds around and, yes, comes up with the shovel. He ties it to his pack. They pass around a plastic squeeze bottle of peach brandy, nibble on some cheese and begin to climb higher . . . higher . . . through black spruce decorated with gray-green Arctic moss and pillows of snow.

At last it is about 5 p.m. They are more than halfway up, almost to the timberline, and now it is time to stop to begin the job of building an igloo for the night. Mike picks a spot beneath a sheltered cover of tamaracks. Judy Spewey is excited about the prospect. Mike takes his shovel and begins to clear off the soft surface snow until he reaches a point where the snow is solid and cohesive enough to begin cutting blocks.

"Actually the word igloo does not refer just to a snow house. It means any house in Eskimo language. In summer they make igloos of sod or skins. . . ."

The New Yorkers ski off from the place of their igloo-to-be and arrive, through a dark corridor of trees, at the brink of a precipice. They gaze out over the edge—and catch their breaths in awe. For far off, far below, they have come to possess in the glowering of the day an unforgettable view of Alaska—a panorama that reaches all the way down Turnagain Arm, black and ice-speckled in the dusk. Above and beyond the waters is the imprint of a brass sun behind the gray overcast. A carpet pattern of black trees against the snow leads to the edge of the slope of water, then the slopes of the Chugach range spring up on each side like sentry giants. The silence of the vista is absolute.

The cheechakos simply stand in awe. They say nothing. This is what they have come to Alaska to see, to do, to be. Eventually they return to the construction site. Judy Spewey is singing snatches from the Anchorage Nordic Ski Club anthem . . .

" . . . we wear our knickers down below our knees . . ."

Mike is busily digging snow blocks.

"When we set these on each other, they'll bind together, almost like cement if the weather's just right. It might be a little warm now. . . ."

The cheechakos are told to scrape a circle in the snow about 12 feet in diameter. As Mike digs out blocks, they set them along the line. The first row is easy, the second row is exciting—the blocks are slanted slightly inward and at least the idea of an igloo appears. As Mike digs, he sinks steadily down into a pit of his own making. As each block is set atop others, the older man runs it tight against the adjacent one. He is supposed to hold it briefly until the blocks bind with frost. But it is quite warm. The blocks do not stick together

continued

as they should. Judy Sprvey and the younger cheechakos line up to hold blocks for several minutes at a time until they adhere.

Soon, half an hour later, the igloo wall is three blocks high and Mike has dug a wide pit about six feet deep outside the wall. He now moves inside the igloo circle with his shovel. Thus, as he digs out blocks from inside, the igloo wall rises a foot or so with each row of blocks added and the floor inside sinks about the same amount because of blocks subtracted. It is exciting to contemplate such progress.

Yet it is growing dark and the snow is still mushy. Soon Judy Sprvey and the two cheechakos are standing in a row, arms stretched out desperately, holding up much of the fourth row of blocks. The blocks are slanting precariously, beginning their arch inward to make the classic igloo dome, but they will not stick. It is a difficult time; Mike Hershberger is optimistic.

"See the patterns the blocks make, a pretty mosaic. When it's finished and we light candles inside, we can come out here in the dark night and look at it. It'll be translucent light, glowing through the snow from inside. The patterns of the blocks will show up like cracks and designs in an upside-down gold cup. . . ."

Ah, but even then, with the fifth row scarcely begun, it is plain that such a beautiful work of winter art will not be available here this night. The snow is too soft; it will not hold, and the blocks fall in again and again. The newcomers and Mrs. Sprvey try, spanning their arms, bracing and embracing the newly placed blocks for many minutes at a time, praying, wishing that they will hold up until the demisphere is finished. But, no, they fall and smash to chunks.

With fallen blocks scattered around his feet, Mike Hershberger at last heaves a sigh, throws down his shovel and resigns from the project. "Dammit, it won't work," he announces. It is now 9 p.m., and the moon has risen behind thin clouds. It is a three-quarter silver coin within a blurry halo. The snow is fluorescent in the moonlight. Mike Hershberger is a little grumpy, distinctly displeased that there is this unfinished igloo, but there is nothing to be done for it. The group skis off into the woods to find firewood. Mike quickly builds a blaze in the snow pit outside the igloo wall and begins to prepare dinner.

The cheechakos find they are simply in the way during the meal preparations in the narrow, flickering confines and they slip off, step into their ski bindings and glide away into the chill darkness, far beyond the circle of fire. The moonlight is tantalizing. As they move through shaggy black trees, the snow seems to glow like a silvery floor.

There are no other tracks here, no other people, nothing but themselves and the cold tranquility of the great mountain and the moon.

They climb some and ski some, but soon the pervasive moon spell is shattered by a shrill whistle from Mike. They return to their hearth outside the igloo. It is cozy. They dine on steak, onion soup, wine, strawberry shortcake. It is nearly midnight when they finish. The cheechakos and Mike crawl into the roofless igloo and stretch out beneath a few heavy stars. Judy Sprvey sleeps by the fire. Shortly after dawn it snows, wet flakes the size of butterflies, but everyone stays in the damp bags until 8 a.m.

It is another gray day, dank again, and they have French toast and syrup and coffee made from fistfuls of melted snow. The fire is smoking heavily and there are a few spruce needles floating in the coffee water. Eyes are puffy and no one feels like singing the Anchorage Nordic Ski Club song.

Breakfast over, they ski some, climbing a couple of hundred feet more up the mountain. Then, toward a tin-can noon, the trip is deemed done and they shrug on their packs once more to ski down. It is a swooping ride, through shallow deep new snow, back and forth in leathery traverses, whooping and shouting as they float down. What took three or more hours to climb takes perhaps half an hour to ride down. It is hair-raising and heartwarming, a journey on lightly controlled, thin slats of wood with winged boots. There is no resemblance to the heavier, more fashion-conscious game of downhill skiing in big rigid boots and iron-maiden hindings and skis made of metal.

At the bottom of Tin Can Mountain all are flushed and panting, happy after the long ride down. The trip home seems tedious, but not too long and by 5 p.m. they are back in the hotel lobby in Anchorage. The cheechakos have left Judy Sprvey at her home and wished her all the best. Now they are about to say goodbye to Mike Hershberger and this Alaskan adventure. They are shuffling around a bit, trying to say exactly what they feel, when suddenly Mike extends his hand and widens his grin.

"You know something? I expected you two to be something pretty different from what you are. I expected some New York fat guy with a big mustache and a big mouth coming up to Alaska for a big time with his little fat runny-nosed kid who whines every time he falls down. I didn't think you'd be able to ski or climb a mountain or any damn thing. Cross-country skiers from New York? A couple of marshmallows, I thought. Well, I was wrong, fellows. You guys surprised me. See you later and thanks a lot."

He leaves the cheechakos standing in silence. They grin at each other. They shake hands. They go up the elevator to their room and they bathe the Tin Can Mountain smoke off their skin and they brush the spruce needle bits out of their teeth. They put on clean dry clothing, neckties and soft shirts, respectable jackets. They slick their hair, put on city shoes with hard heels and even polish the toes a bit. They go down to the lobby, cross the thick carpet past bellhops, and enter the restaurant. There they order a house salad to be tossed at tableside, a chilled bottle of Pouilly Fuisse for the elder, a glass of cold milk for the younger. They have the house special entrée—Alaskan Crab Legs Voltaire, a delicate, sauced concoction that also is prepared at their table. It is splendid, and they so inform the waiter. To top off the meal, they have Baked Alaska set aflame at their elbows.

Now the meal is over and they wipe their mouths with white napkins, sip water from crystal glasses and grin at each other in satisfaction. They overtip the waiter and leave the dining room—cheechakos no more. They feel like two wilderness-aged grizzled old soundboughs come to dine in elegance at the best hotel in town after striking it rich in the bush.

They are definitely skookum fellows now—no doubt though each has yet to sight his first glacier worm or finish his first igloo.

END



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPORTSMAN STEWART

Sirs:

You blew it this time (*Sportsman of the Year*, Dec. 24). O. J. Simpson rushes for 2,000 yards, Secretariat wins the Triple Crown, and you pick Jackie Stewart of Scotland because he wins a handful of auto races and then retires. No, sirs, O. J. Simpson is the Sportsman of the Year—by a mile.

LES WOOLY

Rocky Mount, Va.

Sirs:

I am more than a little surprised at your choice. The year 1973 has given us two of the greatest runners ever, Secretariat and O. J. Simpson. Besides "talent, intelligence and discipline," they have the quality that makes a thoroughbred in the best sense of the word—spirit, the willingness to give everything and then some.

For my money, 1973 will always belong to the Superhorse and the Juice.

LYNN HILSON GREEN

Houston

Sirs:

In light of the current fuel shortage, your naming Jackie Stewart as Sportsman of the Year is tantamount to giving Nero an award for fire prevention. Granted, the amount of fuel consumed by racing cars is minuscule compared to that used by leisure and business vehicles, the point is that racing *de facto* is not conserving fuel.

JOSEPH M. GALEOTA

Mt. Rainier, Md.

Sirs:

I thought that in at least one of these last two years you would have selected Jack Nicklaus, who has attained a plateau of achievement unmatched by any other golfer.

DAVID DORAZIO

Tarzana, Calif.

Sirs:

THE LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER (Dec. 24) stated that only two winners of the Sportsman of the Year award "have not been athletes." It should be added that the 1973 recipient is not only a nonathlete but, unlike past winners Pete Roelke and John Wooden, he is not even associated with athletics.

Thanks, at least, for giving it to a human being.

KENDALL W. NEVILLE

Issaquah, Wash.

Sirs:

I would have been truly insulted if "that horse" had been selected as Sportsman.

EDWARD J. NIEBUHR

Mililani Town, Hawaii

Sirs:

How can we ever thank you, especially Robert F. Jones, for the fantastic article on a tremendous individual, Sportsman of the Year Jackie Stewart (*Leaving with Love, and the Lost*). He more than deserves the honor, but we are a bit surprised (and very delighted) that you stuck your necks out to present the award to someone like Jackie, who probably is not as well known in the U.S. as O.J.

TRISHA HARLING

CHRIS LEMKE

Camp Hill, Pa.

Sirs:

A great choice. Your insight into a sophisticated and uniquely challenging sport is appreciated. Jackie Stewart has been a tremendous credit to auto racing and truly deserves the recognition.

STEVE ANGELL

Evansville, Ill.

Sirs:

UCLA Coach John Wooden was a star basketball player at Purdue during the early 1930s. He was named an All-America guard three straight years (1930, '31, '32). In 1932 he set a conference scoring record of 154 points in 12 games.

He also was a star basketball player at Martinsville (Ind.) High School and his team won the finals of the Indiana high school basketball tournament one year.

I would say that John Wooden was an outstanding athlete.

PAUL A. DAVID

Genoa, Ohio

TIME OUT FOR EXCELLENCE

Sirs:

As an impartial viewer, I would like to make a comment on the recent UCLA-North Carolina State basketball game (*Half of Big Red Is Too Much*, Dec. 24). Several times in the past I have read letters from your readers stating that if UCLA played in the Atlantic Coast Conference it would not have the continued success it presently enjoys. While I agree that the ACC is an excellent basketball conference, I can no longer see how anyone can lay claim to UCLA's No. 1 rating.

Other readers argue that the only reason UCLA has remained unbeaten is that it doesn't play any real competition. I wonder if Lefty Driesell and Norm Sloan would agree with those statements?

It seems that whenever a dynasty appears, whether it be the Yankees of the 1950s, the Packers of the 1960s or the Bruins of the 1970s, the American fans attack it. If the success of UCLA were related to luck it would be different; instead, it is a tribute to the

greatest coach the game has ever known, and to many of the greatest players.

In a time when excellence is so hard to find, we should all sit back and enjoy what little we have, and UCLA definitely represents excellence.

ARTHUR WITTEBS JR.

Chiefland, Fla.

Sirs:

Keith Wilkes led the Uclans with 27 points, did a super defensive job on David Thompson, played the entire game and was the outstanding player on the floor.

Being on the same team with Bill Walton makes it hard for Wilkes to get the recognition he deserves, but certainly his effort against North Carolina State must put him on the All-America teams.

BON McVAY

Sports Director

KRRC Radio and KRRC-TV

King City, Calif.

Sirs:

That was an enjoyable account of the recent UCLA victory over North Carolina State. However, I believe that Curry Kirkpatrick failed to report a particularly inspirational aspect of the game. Monte Towe is a rare example of a truly small guard who excels at the highest level of amateur basketball. Towe's performance against the Bruins was lackluster when compared to most of his previous efforts, yet at 5' 5½" Towe demonstrated to a national television audience the kind of quickness and finesse that every under-six-foot guard strives for. Other so-called small men have thrilled collegiate and professional audiences. But Nate Archibald, Ronnie Lyons and Bill Ketter are really of average stature when viewed apart from their long-legged teammates. Towe couldn't play forward for most junior high school teams. Yet, there he was, arching a layup over rangy Ralph Drollinger, throwing in 25-footers and deftly operating around, over and under UCLA's tall and gifted athletes.

If Monte Towe can look that good against the defending national champions, think how well the rest of its watch-chain guards should be doing against the 6' 2" slobs down at the gym.

JACK DRISCOLL

San Francisco

HAPPY ENDING

Sirs:

Some months ago SI printed a poignant article about Major Murphy Neil Jones, former Tulane University football player, former North Vietnamese POW for 6½ years (*Opal Two Corner Back*, April 23). In the

story Major Jones commented that his wife sent him the results of the Tulane-LSU football series during his tenure at the "Hanoi Hilton" and that spirited competition and warring took place with an LSU supporter regarding the outcome of the then one-sided contests. Major Jones said he expected Tulane to defeat LSU in 1973.

Before 85,598 fans on Dec. 1, the largest attendance ever at a football game in the South, Tulane defeated LSU 14-0, ending 34 years of frustration.

President Herbert Longenecker of Tulane had a special guest at the game: Major Murphy Neal Jones. After Tulane's clean-out victory, Major Jones was ecstatic. But he would not enter TU's dressing room, as he feared a shower and he had not brought extra clothes.

I thought I would pass on this story to you, since very few of the things we read today have as happy an ending. Or maybe a beginning, if you are a Tulane fan.

DONALD L. LEVY

New Orleans

LITERARY INTERLUDE

Sirs:

Congratulations to Robert Cantwell for illuminating with such grace and perspicacity the sportive side of Marcel Proust (*Bright Threads in His Tapestry*, Dec. 17). How delightful when a piece ostensibly on sport can so transcend the realm of reportage and become, moreover, a work of art. And how equally delightful to discover that sports are not simply for the hairy bruisers or the massive troglodytes, but for us effete intellectual snobs as well. Hounds, anyone?

GERARD SORAHAN

Wollston, Mass.

Sirs:

I am especially pleased and thrilled to offer my congratulations, compliments and thanks for your fine Proust selection. It was like seeing Katharine Hepburn star in the local follies. Of course, there really isn't enough sport in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* as it is—but that's all right. Please be assured that I enjoy, appreciate and am grateful for what sport there is.

CARL G. CROYDER

Poymac, Md.

MAO A-SWIM

Sirs:

Bantam Books wishes that SI's William Johnson had found space at the close of his two-part series on sport in China (*An Eager People in the Swim*, Oct. 1) to mention that the quotations from Mao Tse-tung's poem *Swimming* were taken from the new English-language translations of Mao's poems (Bantam, New York, 1972). Yet the translator, Willis Barnstone of Indiana University, and Bantam Books are glad that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*

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19TH HOLE *continued*

TRATED chose to close the line series with the lines it did.

NANCY ZOOER
Bantam Books

New York City

CUBA, TOO

Sirs:

I have just finished reading your articles on the Caribbean (Dec. 24) and I cannot believe that you have overlooked the island of Cuba.

Perhaps you cannot photograph some of the Cuban athletes of today, but you can mention those who are playing professional baseball in the United States, or have you forgotten Tony Oliva, Bert Campaneris (my choice for MVP in the World Series) and others who in the past have contributed so much to the U.S. sports world?

Besides that, how can you overlook Cuba when it is the largest of the Caribbean countries? I agree, the government leaves a lot to be desired, but the people are there and they contribute what they can. Remember the Olympic Games and the Cuban boxers, or the Pan American Games and the baseball team? (*Que pasa aqui?*)

JIMMY MENCHERO JR.

Bridgeport, Conn.

POWL CALL

Sirs:

I noted with personal interest the story in your **SPORTS** section (Dec. 3) on the "Great Turkey Race" and the "friendly" wager between Congressman Abraham Kazen Jr. and myself. The article incorrectly states that "Zwacz had to pay."

The fact is Congressman Kazen and I wagered only on the last heat, which the Minnesota turkey Tom Foodery won handily.

While I appreciate the mention, I felt it was my duty to set the record straight.

JOHN M. ZWACH
Member of Congress

Washington, D.C.

HOWE TRICK

Sirs:

Your story on the Fabulous Hs, Hall and Howe (*Lessons from the Old Masters*, Dec. 10), was a pleasure to read. However, you apparently missed the game played in the Quebec City Coliseum against the Nordiques on Nov. 18, where at 12 minutes and 11 seconds of the first period the house announcer came on the P.A. system to proclaim a Howson goal by Mark Howe assisted by Marty Howe and Gordie Howe. How's that?

CLAUDE TARDIF

Laval-des-Rapides, Quebec

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1. Unexpected wagon luxury is reflected in the split bench seats of super soft vinyl and deep 25 oz. cut pile carpeting. Ford also offers exclusive DuraWeave vinyl trim that looks and breathes like cloth, cleans and wears like vinyl.
2. The Country Squire's convenient 3-way doorgate and power tailgate window are standard. You can have dual-facing rear seats, even a recreation table for the kids.
3. Ford's design lets you convert from passenger to cargo wagon with ease. There's lockable below-deck stowage space too, and a cargo area dome light.
4. Power front disc brakes and steel-belted radial ply tires are both standard this year.
5. You can order optional convenience features like power mini-vent windows, dual remote control mirrors and a power tailgate lock.
6. The Country Squire offers an adjustable roof rack that makes it easy to secure your extra cargo. Optional vinyl roof now comes in a variety of colors.
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